The Nation

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The Week

Democrats and Republicans in Congress agree upon the record-breaking size of the appropriations during the last two years, but upon the question of responsibility they are divided sharply. The Republicans point the accusing finger at the majority party; the Democrats refer the country to the Republican Executive. Ex-Speaker Cannon, who for many years was chairman of the Appropriations Committee, is shocked at the sight of any but a Republican House and Senate incurring the stigma of being a billion-dollar Congress, and is sure that we shall go from bad to worse until the Speaker has back his old power of naming the committees, and the supply bills in the House are in the hands of a single committee. A budget committee he sees no place for in our system of government. Yet it is just such a body that many persons will think is the plain inference to be drawn from the scattering of responsibility now possible, and indeed almost unavoidable, in our way of raising and spending money. Whatever is to be said in favor of a single committee in the House to look after the supply bills, applies to the more comprehensive matter of a single body to supervise the entire list of appropriations and expenditures. When Congress really desires such a committee, it will not find the difficulties in the way insurmountable.

The creation of a Senate Committee on Banking and Currency is most significant, in the light of many references made by President Wilson to the urgent need of a thorough revision of our banking and currency system. The Committee on Finance included this subject, along with the whole domain of fiscal questions in general; in making a departure from this long-established plan, there is clear indication of businesslike purpose. That Mr. Wilson has been giving to the subject earnest attention is evident not only from a number of speeches before and since the campaign, but especially from the prominence he gave to it in his inaugural address.

We trust that the Government at Washington will make short work of the plan to grab the Isle of Pines, which comes up every few years, and for which its promoters apparently think that the coming in of a new Administration affords a favorable opportunity. With Mr. Bryan as Secretary of State, the expediting of this scheme to limbo ought to be peculiarly easy, for he has an unbroken record of firm opposition to any policy of "criminal aggression." That is what the annexation of the Isle of Pines would be, or, if one prefers, it might be described by a shorter, though uglier, word. Apart from the merits of the case, the Democratic party could not countenance this petty larceny without making itself ridiculous, and reducing its repeated denunciations of the landgrabbing policy in the Philippines to an absurdity.

New Hampshire did herself proud by electing Henry F. Hollis to the United States Senate, and the Democratic party throughout the nation may well rejoice. But forty-two years old, Mr. Hollis has won for himself an enviable reputation as a lawyer of ability who has not sold himself to corporations, and as a powerful and courageous speaker. The cause of freedom for the Filipinos wins another strong advocate by his election, for Mr. Hollis has stood for their independence from the days when to do so was to subject one's self to ridicule, or abuse, as a "little American." Indeed, every liberal and enlightened movement will enlist his hearty sympathy. President Wilson will find in him a sincere and earnest supporter of his policies, and a man wholly above the ordinary conception of politics, just as he was head and shoulders above the average in his scholarship at Harvard. It is a cause for encouragement everywhere that men of this type are coming to the front in the Democratic party. McAdoo, Redfield, Houston, Lane, Franklin Roosevelt, John Skelton Williams—if there is one thing to be said of these men whom Mr. Wilson has brought to the front, it is that they are as far as possible removed from the old idea that politics is a game to be played for the benefit of the player and his friends and his party.

The abandonment of the Union Pacific plan for rearranging relations with the Southern Pacific and of selling the $126,650,000 Southern Pacific stock, has many interesting aspects. The Supreme Court decided last December that Union Pacific's ownership of this stock (which was a controlling interest) involved restraint of trade under the Sherman act, and ordered the company to dispose of it within a period terminating May 12. The company arranged, with the approval of the Federal Attorney-General, that the stock should be offered, at a price amounting to slightly less than par, to the existing shareholders of the Union and Southern Pacific. A strong international syndicate was then formed, which agreed to take such of the $126,650,000 stock as the shareholders did not subscribe for. But the company's plan also contemplated readjustment of relations between the two companies, whereby Southern Pacific should sell for $104,000,000, to the Union Pacific, the Central Pacific property which was owned by the first-named company, but whose main line was a natural Westward continuation of Union Pacific's main transcontinental line. This readjustment involved new arrangements regarding the other California lines of the Central Pacific, which had of late years been virtually absorbed by Union Pacific. To some of these arrangements, regarded by the company as essential, the California Railway Commission objected. Since the assent of that body was necessary, and since the underwriting syndicate's contract had been conditioned on that assent, this action terminated the plan.

Questions of unusual interest arise, now that preparations must again be made in the next eight weeks for disposing of the $126,650,000 Southern Pacific stock. The property is now highly prosperous, earning and paying 6 per cent. in dividends, and it can undoubtedly command a market. The one real difficulty has been the raising of so great a sum of cash in the face of considerable money stringency throughout the

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world. But that problem would probably have been quite as awkward if the plan abandoned on Saturday had been carried out. It has seemed to be a general impression, in the financial district, that the underwriting bankers, both home and foreign, have felt individually relieved at being released from that present responsibility. In one way or another, however, the same requisition must be made later on; just as the actual relations between Union and Southern Pacific must be readjusted on the basis of independent ownership and operation. Whatever troublesome effects the episode as a whole may have involved, or may hereafter involve, to the companies concerned, no actually disastrous effects are possible. The Union Pacific bought its Southern Pacific holdings, fourteen years ago, at the price of 50, and the Southern Pacific property is not dependent for its prosperity on connection with Union Pacific.

Violence in labor warfare has unfortunately made martial law familiar. But that, under stress of necessity, is one thing, and trial by court-martial after order is restored is another. In West Virginia several labor leaders are to be put on trial before a court-martial. The defendants obtained a writ of prohibition from a circuit judge, who afterwards ordered its cancellation. In rendering decision, Judge Littlepage declares:

> When this writ was applied for, I did, with the greatest interest, sympathy, and deep-set determination, readily consent to grant it under the firm conviction that neither the court-martial court sitting at Cabin Creek nor any other tribunal known to the American law had any authority whatever to deprive a human being of life, liberty, or property, without a trial by jury of twelve men.

The decision then goes on to say that, after the most thorough investigation into the law of the question, with the assistance of the ablest members of the West Virginia bar, the conclusion is inescapable that the Circuit Court has no authority to interfere with a duly organized court-martial under the laws of the State. This may be legally sound. But the sentiment of the public at large will be exactly what Judge Littlepage's feelings were when he first approached the question—one of abhorrence at the thought of civilians being tried for their lives in time of peace by court-martial.

An analysis of the acts and joint resolutions adopted at this year's session of the Legislature of South Carolina shows how local is the great bulk of business considered by a supposedly "General" Assembly. Of the 256 enactments, only four can be called general. One of these established a uniform standard of weights and measures, and another provided for inspection of oil and gasolene. The largest group was concerned with school matters, which were responsible for thirty-eight bills, such as "An Act to require and compel school attendance within the city of Spartanburg, South Carolina," and an act to reduce the salary of the Superintendent of Education of Jasper County to $400. County government called forth 32 bills, besides 25 that are listed as pertaining to county offices and officers; roads and road taxes were attended to in 24 acts; municipal matters in 23; courts in 18; bond issues in 15; claims in 14; rural police in 10, and so on. Anglo-Saxon ideas of local government are hardly preserved in such an exhibition as this, yet it could be paralleled in almost if not quite every State in the Union.

Any man might be proud of the opportunity that has come to Professor Goodnow, whom the Chinese Government has summoned as its adviser in the work of constitutional reconstruction. To have a share in building the political framework for a nation of four hundred millions is a task which appeals powerfully to the imagination. It is a task which undoubtedly calls for special knowledge, but for something more than that. Professor Goodnow is trained in the theory of constitutional government as the Western world has practiced it. The application of the fundamental principles of Western democracy under the vastly different conditions that obtain in China involves the broadest kind of historical imagination and insight, in addition to special knowledge. Professor Goodnow's appointment is in line with the recent tendency on the part of China's governing classes to avail themselves of the services of experts from abroad. The selection of Dr. Morrison, the well-known English correspondent at Peking, as political adviser to the Chinese Government, is an instance in point. Several years ago, while China was still under the Manchus, Professor Jenks was called in to deal with the Government's financial problems. The college professor is very evidently having his innings to-day.

It would be invidious, even if it were possible, to dispute the statement in William Allen White's newspaper, that "Kansas has more able, sensible, brilliant editors than any State in the bunch." But how are we to credit the accompanying remark that they do not stick to their proper task, but when a political campaign warms up, "spend all their time whooping it up in the market-place for such cheap skates as may be nominated for 2-cent offices"? As every Congressman knows, it is the metropolitan journals that are under the control of unnamed and unnamable interests, and the smaller newspapers could not in any way be influenced by fear or favor. To suggest that any editor in the entire State of Kansas, or anywhere else outside of New York city and possibly Chicago, ever whooped it up for a cheap skate who had happened to be nominated for a 2-cent office, is to do violence to one of the most useful traditions that ever served the political purposes of a dignified member of the United States Senate.

The raid of colored Democrats upon the White House last week, with the demand that every negro Republican be turned out and the offices be given to them and their friends, shows that these members of the emancipated race have patterned after the practical politicians among the whites. Twenty years ago such a demand would have seemed reasonable, if not proper; to-day we are decades away from this brutal spoilsman's attitude. That the Wilson Administration will be in the least degree influenced by such a demand we have not the slightest belief. In the whole matter of office-holding by negroes Mr. Wilson has yet to define his attitude, but he has already made it clear that he is not going to turn over the offices to the spoilsmen.

Philadelphia, March 14. — "The outstanding infamy of certain of our modern industries is the linking to the belts of factories and mills of two million children," was the declaration made to-day by William B. Patterson, of this city, at the forenoon session of the first annual Progressive Conference of Pennsylvania.

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No, Mr. Patterson, there is a greater infamy than this. It is the infamy of the United States Census, which deliberately lends itself to the falsification of the facts. According to that lying institution, the total number of wage-earners in all the manufacturing industries of the United States is, indeed, admitted to be 6,615,046; but instead of honestly confessing that 2,000,000 of these are children, the number under sixteen years of age is brazenly set down as 161,493. It is true that the Government's statisticians admit that there may be a considerable error in their figures, owing to the difficulty of getting truthful statements of age. Clearly the time has come for a summary recall of the Director of the Census, and if this does not suffice, there should be a revision, by popular vote, of the mediæval rules of arithmetic which fossilized statisticians persist in keeping unaltered.

The Comic Spirit, we think, must find material in the outcry of the Tory press in London over Mr. Bryan's "indiscreet" speech on St. Patrick's Day. He congratulated his hearers on the bright prospects of Home Rule for Ireland, and made some remarks about the speedy disappearance of "the hereditary principle" in government. For this he is severely taken to task by the *Morning Post*. It declares that his speech will be regarded with "keen resentment" in England, and accuses him of want both of tact and of propriety as a responsible Cabinet member. To clinch this point, the *Morning Post* says:

> We should very much like to know what Mr. Bryan would have said if at the time of his last defeat for the Presidency the English Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs had publicly expressed his gratification that the people of the United States had crushed the pretensions of a dangerous demagogue.

Well, the joke of this is that an English Foreign Minister once did precisely that—except that it was on the occasion of Bryan's first defeat. He was beaten for the Presidency on November 3, 1896. On November 9 following, Lord Salisbury made a speech at the Guildhall, in which, after referring to the presence of Ambassador Bayard, he said: "Though contrary to practice to remark upon the internal politics of other states, I may be permitted without impertinence to congratulate him upon the splendid pronouncement the great people he represents have made in behalf of the *principles which lie at the base of all human society*." Not simply, observe, that Bryan had advocated financial whimsies; he had attacked the basal principles of society. Yet the *Morning Post*, so soon forgetting its former political chief, puts it as the extreme of impossibility that an English Foreign Minister should have spoken of Bryan as "a dangerous demagogue."

The announcement last week by the English Ministry that it intends to submit at the next session of Parliament a plan for the reform of the House of Lords does not mean that it will or can be made law. If it passed the Commons, the Lords could block it for two years, and by that time the present Parliament would have come to an end. When the upper house is ready to kill Irish Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment, it certainly would not hesitate to take the life of a bill doing away entirely with the hereditary principle in the House of Lords. All that the Liberals could accomplish by their proposals would be to meet the taunts of their opponents. The Conservatives have long been demanding the production of the promised Liberal scheme for reforming the Lords. They have challengingly cited Mr. Asquith's words about the necessity of following up the abolition of the veto of the Lords with a measure reconstituting the second chamber. Well, they have now got the Government's project in outline, and it is safe to say that they will not like it. Nor was it intended that they should. The whole amounts, at present, to no more than a bit of political by-play.

Among the educational signs of the times in England is the selection of a site for a new engineering science laboratory at Oxford. In the words of the London *Times:* "Where classics and theology once reigned alone, or only admitted mathematics to an equal and law to a subsidiary and incidental place beside them, one after another subject has vindicated its claim to a share in the studies proper to a university." Yet it does not regard the whole field of learning as necessarily the ideal for every university. "It will be sufficient if it realizes and recognizes that learning is a whole." Along with this expansion in the field of recognized studies has gone another important development, and that is the intensive cultivation of the traditional subjects. Not only have specialized courses, like those in archæology and anthropology, been introduced, but "history, art, economics, religion, the whole social structure and organism of life, are studied in and have light thrown on them by the classics." The significance of that last phrase cannot be overlooked. However Oxford and Cambridge expand, it will be some time before the classics lose their favored position in the curriculum.

It may have been the fear of financial and industrial panic that has brought from the German Government a prompt disavowal of the highly provocative article in the *Kölnische Zeitung* in which France was assailed as a menace to the peace of Europe. But even if the Berlin Stock Exchange had not developed a bad attack of nerves, the Cologne newspaper's challenge would have had to be repudiated, so patently false was the charge that the French Government has been looking for trouble, so plainly has the change in the spirit of the French nation since 1905 been only the reaction against German menace and intimidation. The Paris *Temps* of a fortnight ago, foreseeing just such an attack as was launched in the *Kölnische Zeitung*, offers pretty complete proof of the fact that the French military programme since 1905, instead of being provocative in nature, has refrained from increasing the armed strength of the nation or has actually countenanced a decline. The *Temps* enters into a minute chronology which shows that only ten days after the law reducing the term of military service from three years to two had gone into effect, came the Kaiser's voyage to Tangier and the first Morocco crisis of 1905. Again and again Morocco brought about a state of Franco-German tension, but the French Government did nothing to increase the effective strength of the army. In 1911 and 1912 the German army was increased by more than fifty thousand men, and still France did nothing. It was only in face of the latest German move, designed to add nearly 150,000 men to the army, that France has been stirred to something like a counter-policy.

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A FAR-REACHING QUESTION.

The agitation started at Chicago over the question of a minimum wage for women has been attracting attention throughout the country. In a number of States, movements of the same character have been initiated. The newspapers have everywhere devoted ample space and great prominence to the proceedings of the Illinois Senate investigating committee. A certain amount of criticism has been passed upon the attitude of Lieut.-Gov. O'Hara and the committee, and upon the proposals which they apparently have in contemplation; and some of these criticisms have been very much to the point. It remains to be seen whether, in the other States which seem ready to follow in the footsteps of Illinois, the question at issue will be taken up in a manner more appropriate to its importance and difficulty.

The Illinois committee does not appear to have the faintest realization of the fact that any interposition in this matter must take into account the whole situation of society, and must reckon consequences other than those which immediately affect the comfort of the particular girls whom it is desired to place in a better position. Questions are asked, again and again, which show the attitude of a yellow journalist rather than of a sober legislator or investigator. One after another of the heads of colossal business establishments, after having stated his estimate of what is required for the needs of a woman worker—say, $8 a week—has been asked, "Could you live on that?" or "What is your income?" The committee seems quite unaware that if the fact of gross inequality of fortune, the fact that the rich might easily part with their superfluity and give it to the poor, were to be accepted as a reason for compelling such redistribution, the process could not stop with a little thing like a pitiful minimum wage for women. It would necessarily mean a complete reconstruction of the whole economic and social system. With those who deliberately and seriously work for such an end we have here no fault to find; but with those who are so soft-headed that they don't know when they are meddling with a great question we confess we have little patience.

Even if one does not enter upon this larger subject, there are many considerations, lying close to the immediate question, which must thrust themselves forward imperatively as soon as it is considered in a spirit of sober responsibility. There are hundreds of thousands, indeed millions, of families—whole families—living, some way or other, upon incomes not much larger than the amount which it is urged should be made the least that shall be permitted as the pay of the youngest and most inexpert girl beginning to work in a shop or factory; upon what principle of democratic government are these families to be left in that condition when the law declares it an intolerable one? Or take a thing coming still closer to the immediate problem. The girls who are to be particularly protected against immorality by the proposed law are the girls who do not live at home. These girls, in a great city like Chicago, are in very large measure girls who have been attracted by the allurement of the metropolis from farms and little towns and villages. When all the country girls learn that to come to Chicago means a sure income of five or six hundred dollars a year, who shall say by what an enormous amount the number drawn to the city will be increased? Yet the number of places for them will not be increased, but, as Mr. Siegel pointed out in an interview last week, in all probability greatly diminished. Finally, to mention only one more point, what about the little shops, whose name is legion, which together afford employment to thousands of girls, and whose figures of income and outgo are of a totally different nature from those of Marshall Field or of Sears, Roebuck & Co.? Are we to have a minimum wage law for the big shops and none for the little ones?

The question of a minimum wage for women is one that demands consideration. There is already a strong body of sober and competent opinion in favor of such a measure. But, unless we are headed for a career of thoughtless and dangerous legislation on subjects of the most vital import, we must consider the question with the utmost care, and act on it not upon an emotional impulse, but in full consideration of all its economic consequences and all its moral bearings. Of thought of the former there has thus far been in the Illinois proceedings no indication whatever; and as to the latter, the committee's goings-on have been of a most pernicious character. That insufficient wages for girls are in many instances a cause of immorality, few will deny; but the spread of the notion that they not only may be a cause, but are in point of fact a justification, for a girl embracing a life of shame is calculated to cause an amount of demoralization alongside of which that caused by low wages would be quite insignificant. And the notion is no less false than it is pernicious. It implies not only a general want of character which is a gross libel on the vast majority of women, but is contrary to the obvious facts of life. To choose a life of shame in preference to living on six dollars a week means not only want of virtue, but want of sense. It is inconceivable that many girls deliberately make such a choice. With those that do make it, it is a result of many causes, in character and environment, of which the matter of wages is only one. And life upon $8 a week, or $12 a week, is not so delightful as to remove the influence of these temptations and weaknesses. To admit that these may be yielded to without turpitude is to remove a defence of virtue which has been built up through ages of effort and aspiration and discipline and self-sacrifice, and for which no minimum-wage law can supply a substitute.

OBSESSIONS OF THE SPECIALIST.

"I say that it is an open question of morals whether a girl should starve herself respectably on an insufficient wage, or should go on the streets. They are selling their bodies, putting them into their work, in either case." This statement was made, for publication, not by a yellow journalist, not by a sensational preacher, or a notoriety-seeking novelist or playwright or actress. It was made by a young woman of high character and purposes, and of good intelligence, who has been doing valuable work, in the service of the State, upon the subject of the improvement of labor conditions. How does it come that a person like that can talk such reprehensible folly? How does it come that she can believe what is not only utterly repugnant to the moral instincts of normal human beings in general, but manifestly

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flies in the face of the most familiar facts of human experience?

We are seeing the same sort of thing nowadays in many forms. In whatever way such a mental state may be explained, it cannot be looked upon without serious misgiving. But there is one consideration that goes far towards accounting for it, and which shows it to be less grave than it might otherwise appear. Looking at each successive manifestation, and gathering the cumulative effect of them all, one might almost get the impression that the world was cutting loose from its moral and mental moorings altogether. But that impression would be misleading. The wild cries that one hears, now from this quarter, now from that, are not the voices of so many representatives of broad or general thought. They are in large measure the shrill notes emitted by particular persons who have fixed their thought on some one aspect of life and have lost not only their sense of proportion, but their capacity to see that the different parts of life form a connected whole. The phenomenon is by no means confined to the domain of humanitarianism or of social reform. While it is true that in this field the element of emotional hysteria is likely to enter in a particularly malignant form, the want of balance, of sound and comprehensive judgment, is largely attributable to that intellectual one-sidedness which is the besetting sin of the specialist generally, and which, if unchecked, may become a downright obsession.

From the intellectual standpoint, the dictum of the young woman we have quoted is no worse than many a present-day utterance coming from what are regarded as high scientific quarters. Mr. Charles B. Davenport, for instance, is the director of the department of experimental evolution of the Carnegie Institution. In the opening paragraph of his book on "Heredity in Relation to Eugenics," after stating that the laws of improvement of racehorses hold for man, he declares: "Unless people accept this simple truth, and let it influence marriage selection, human progress will cease." The same gentleman, in a recent article, asserted with great emphasis and vehemence that the money cost of maintaining the imbecile and insane in public institutions was placing such a burden on the better elements of the population that they were prevented from reproducing their kind. Any intelligent youth, writing a college essay, might feel that, before declaring that progress will cease unless the principles of eugenics be made the guide to marriage, it was incumbent on him to reconcile this statement with the fact of human progress in the past. The veriest hack writer, in any respectable newspaper or magazine, ought to feel that, before he was entitled to say that the cost of institutions for the imbecile and the insane is the cause of "race suicide," he must make some kind of calculation of the amount of that burden, as affecting the classes among whom race suicide is prevalent. Not so the infatuated eugenist. Between "progress will cease" and "progress will not be as great as it might conceivably be" he does not feel required to make a distinction; and the fact that it would take ten times or twenty times the actual cost of the hospitals and asylums to produce any appreciable effect upon even the economic—let alone the other—causes of the limitation of families among the well-to-do, does not for a moment stop the rush of his irresponsible pen.

Taken in itself, the specialist's exaggeration of the particular evil which is the constant subject of his own thoughts does no great harm, and often, indeed, may do good. The dentist who thinks that nine-tenths of the ills of mankind are due to defective teeth may be multiplying the truth many times; but, after all, it is a good thing that children's teeth be examined and attended to, and it matters little in just what way we are frightened into having it done. The relation between filth and disease may not be quite what it is sometimes represented; still no one can object to any amount of zeal and efficiency that may be devoted to keeping streets and tenements clean. But the specialist who attacks the universe on the basis of his particular prepossession opens up possibilities of infinite mischief. The "social worker" may know somewhat more about the relation between wages and prostitution than the rest of us do; by all means let him enlighten us as to the facts, and let us all consider what is best to be done about them. But his somewhat greater knowledge on this particular point is but one little element in that great total of human experience, inherited and acquired, which is the possession of the whole race of man. Even in the little region in which he has some title to speak with authority, his claim to confidence must be measured by the evidence he gives of care and conscientiousness in his statements. When he recklessly adventures outside of his field, he should not be classed as of any school,

But that where blind and naked Ignorance
Delivers brawling judgments unashamed
On all things, all day long.

SINCERITY.

It may still be true that the world is governed with little wisdom, but it cannot be governed at all without certain political virtues. Chief among these we should be inclined to reckon sincerity. This gives public men power while they are alive, and causes their fame to grow after they are dead. We are just now seeing this truth illustrated in connection with the memory of Grover Cleveland. His birthday is celebrated, and the house in which he was born was this week acquired and dedicated as a permanent memorial to him. Now, he was one of the most sincere men that ever lived; and it is this quality in him which most impressed his own generation and which largely accounts for the heightening of his reputation as the years pass. Without great intellectual attainments, with few gifts of personal charm, Mr. Cleveland had a large endowment of the brave old wisdom of simplicity. Direct, earnest, vigorous, he never left any one in doubt where he stood. When he was Governor of New York, there was never any mystification about his attitude in any important matter. It was not open to question whether he was genuine against the Tammany boss, or was merely playing a little game with him. And as President, it was by his robust sincerity, displayed in dealing with question after question, that he brought the country to believe it had a real man in the White House. Right or wrong, there he stood, clear and entire, never evasive or tricky, always to be depended upon.

And if we ask why it is that his latest successor in the Presidency has in two weeks' time made so excellent a beginning in impressing his fellow-citizens favorably, we are again shown that it

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is the moral element which counts most in politics. President Wilson has not done anything startling. He has not given the country a single sensation. But he has already managed to convince even those who disliked and distrusted him that he is a stanch and determined Executive. There is a marked feeling that he is going to be found thoroughly consistent. As President, he holds the same tone as when candidate and when Governor. He betrays no thought of eating his own words or forgetting his pledges. And he exhibits a steadfast purpose to devote himself completely to the high business of his office, with a grip on himself and on the situation, that has won him instant and general approval. Once more we have a manifestation of the homely quality of sincerity, but how all-conquering it appears!

By contrast, the present posture of affairs in New York State is unhappy. No clear lead is given. The people are uncertain whether there is a clean-cut and honest issue between Gov. Sulzer and Boss Murphy. Is it a fight? Is it a farce? The shrewdest correspondents at Albany confess themselves puzzled. Even those of them who are closest to the Governor are unable to say whether he has made up his mind to defy Murphy, whether he really has the stomach for a fight. The chance is there. The provocation exists. The appeal is strong. But the doubt persists whether Gov. Sulzer has the mental grasp and the moral equipment to take up Murphy's challenge. And the most harassing part of the doubt has to do with just this thing of perfect sincerity. If the State were wholly sure that Sulzer had it, there would already have been a rising to him like that which hastened to hold up the hands of Grover Cleveland and Charles E. Hughes.

Many of Gov. Sulzer's public declarations commend themselves. His announced purpose to cut out graft and to run down thieves in the State Administration, and some of his acts in execution of that policy, are excellent. Nor is there anything but praise to be given to his confession of faith in home rule for the counties and cities of the State, and his promise neither to do nor to permit anything, as Governor, to infringe upon that principle. But when all this is admitted, there remains a great deal of confusion and uncertainty. Is the Governor altogether sincere? Will he, when the time comes, back up his theatrical words by matter-of-fact deeds? Such are the questions which the people are asking. They are ready to follow an honest leader, but it is pretty hard to leave them in perplexity on the question whether they have such a man at Albany. The hesitation does not arise on account of Mr. Sulzer's past. That could speedily be forgotten. His long subservience to Tammany, his vacillations and posturings and unconcealed vanity and ambition—all this would be overlooked were he to come out boldly and strip himself for an open fight with Murphy and call upon the State to bear witness to his entire sincerity. There's the rub: could he make people believe him?

As to the party of the second part, there is no doubt whatever. Murphy is sincere—sincerely determined to get every scrap of spoils, every opportunity for plunder, upon which he can lay his hands. No man in the State or the country has a moment's uncertainty on that point. Gov. Sulzer would not have to argue that. Nor would he need to explain the attitude of President Wilson towards Murphy. He could, indeed, count upon an immediate response and a great support if he would boldly proclaim a truceless war upon Murphy. But so long as his trumpet gives an uncertain sound, he must not expect the people to prepare themselves for battle.

THE TRIBE OF BARNUM.

It would be unfair to saddle the wraith of the late P. T. Barnum with responsibility for all the humbug now flourishing, or even with that portion of it which exists for a purely commercial end. At the same time, his famous observation about the willingness of the public to be deceived has given operations in that line a kind of warrant, if it has not actually invested them with a sort of sanctity. Even Lincoln admitted the possibility of fooling some people at every attempt, so that a really enterprising person might not unreasonably feel that not to take advantage of so well recognized a condition would be to fly in the face of an inscrutable Providence. However this may be, it is certain that there are men and women who do not propose to let the profession of humbug die for want of practitioners. How many of these generous souls the world can boast must be a matter of the merest guesswork, but that they are not a negligible group in point of number is sufficiently proved from the size of *Truth's* "Cautionary List" for 1913. This "List," we may add, is a book of above a hundred pages, containing the names of more than seven hundred persons.

A patriotic American would not like to think that his own country could be outdone by any other in a field that so evidently can be made to yield large returns. It is gratifying, therefore, to come upon indications that we are at least holding our own in the humbug business, and thus leaving foreigners without excuse for working the rich vein of our credulity. Can England, for example, exhibit a single Soothsayer Trust? How many we have, nobody has yet discovered, but the one that has been unearthed in Chicago has a balance-sheet that must make us all a bit prouder of our commercial and financial achievements. The annual business of the Soothsayer Trust apparently amounts to a quarter of a million dollars, and it is credited with a yearly appropriation of twenty thousand dollars for a "slush fund." As one of its victims parted with as much as ten thousand dollars, this sum does not seem inordinately large. Doubtless its managers are not unfamiliar with the principles of efficiency.

To be sure, a Soothsayer Trust is not an absolutely new thing. The augurs of Rome, like the priests of Memphis, would inevitably have drawn down upon themselves the wrath of the Department of Justice, if there had been any such meddling institution and if they had not been so securely intrenched as to make interference with them dangerous. In the absence of a Roman or Egyptian Wickersham, all that Julius Cæsar himself could do was to interpret adverse omens as subtly meant for favorable ones, and proceed to act as he had already determined. Dissolution of the Trust would have provoked a healthful rivalry, in which the humblest citizen would have been able to find somewhere in the Eternal City a soothsayer who would have advised him in accordance with his desires. The situation in Greece in reference to oracles was much better.

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If the representative of Zeus at Dodona was unsatisfactory, either in his charges or in his deliverances, one could go to the representative of Apollo at Delphi, not to mention any of the smaller "independents."

But it would be doing scant justice to the profession to intimate that it is not progressive. While some of its members continue to furnish hints of the future and love-potions and revelations of hidden treasure, others will supply you with more modern wares. There is "mind maturity," for instance. At first, this may not appeal to you, but before you have read half a dozen paragraphs, you are fully convinced that mind maturity is a thing that you must have at any cost. You learn that there are some 250,000,000 tiny cells in your brain, or at all events in the ordinary brain, and you are faced with the problem of how, for all their number, they are going to help you without being trained, just as your muscles would be in a sad state if you had never done anything for them. Does it not stand to reason that you are not likely to get anywhere without the power of "ideation," which is yours for a little work and less money?

There crops out now and then, in various quarters, a spirit of hostility to charlatans. But is this justifiable? If one is eager for infallible tips on horse-races, or a few shares of stock that will begin to double and quadruple in value as soon as one has them in his possession, or a course of study that will make one a scholar overnight, is it grateful to assail those who take the trouble to supply these things? How are we to get great quick if we allow no one to show us the way?

HALIFAX.

There is no material in the Oxford edition of Halifax* which was not already accessible in Miss Foxcroft's well-known life of the Marquis, but his writings in this separate and beautifully printed book have produced on me, and I suspect will produce on others, quite a different effect from that which came from reading them when relegated to a kind of appendix at the end of two bulky volumes of history. "We are much beholden," says Bacon, "to Machiavel and others that wrote what men do, and not what they ought to do"; and to that small group of writers in English who kept their eyes steadily on the reality of things, Halifax must be added. He has not the gravity and imaginative sweep of Bacon in the philosophical treatises, nor just the subtle insinuation into human nature displayed in such an essay as that "Of Marriage and Single Life"; he has not the dogmatic energy of Hobbes, nor the mordant elegance of Chesterfield; but in the sum of his views he is truer and profounder than any one of them. He would scarcely have held it an honor to be regarded primarily as an author, and he has no place among the great artists and critics of letters; but, when all is considered, I doubt if there is in our tongue a wiser book than this which contains the experience of the statesman of the Revolution.

I.

The only writing of Halifax that obtained wide popularity was "The Advice to a Daughter," which was composed as a New Year's gift for his daughter Elizabeth, afterwards wife of the third Earl of Chesterfield, and mother of one who was to become famous, or infamous, for his letters of advice to a son. A copy of Savile's little *étrenne* was obtained surreptitiously from a scrivener, and, published first without the author's name in 1687-8, ran through many editions down to the end of the eighteenth century. The counsel is not without a tinge of melancholy submission to the facts of life as the Marquis saw them; its manner may seem a bit demoded today, and its rules of conduct for wife and mother and lady would probably be indignantly scouted by any woman of our present world who should chance upon its pages. Yet I gravely suspect that it speaks the shrewd truth, and that a young woman who looks for substantial happiness may still profit by the clear and unflinching counsel of this anxious father.

More important in some ways is the "Character of King Charles II." That monarch, he says, "was so good at finding out other men's weak sides that it made him less intent to cure his own: that generally happeneth. It may be called a treacherous talent, for it betrayeth a man to forget to judge himself, by being so eager to censure others. This doth so misguide men the first part of their lives, that the habit of it is not easily recovered when the greater ripeness of their judgment inclineth them to look more into themselves than into other men." Certainly our analyst shows no such treachery of talent; one might say on the contrary that his lucid leniency towards that erring master proved that he had looked well into his own heart before undertaking to judge one whose opportunities so often took the form of temptations. In this sketch more than anywhere else in his works he displays his kinship with Montaigne, whose "Essays" he calls, in a letter to Charles Cotton, the translator, "the book in the world I am the best entertained with."

And from this sketch we may conjecture the great loss to literature from his failure to take himself seriously as author. Had he deigned in his later years to compose an account of the reigns of Charles II and James II we should have had such a work as is absolutely without equivalent in the English language. It would have been something very different from the clever but coarsely conceived History of the pragmatical Bishop Burnet, of whom, it is said, the Marquis in private always spoke "with the utmost contempt, as a factious, turbulent, busy man." It is amusing to read in contrast Burnet's portrait of Halifax as one who "went backwards and forwards, and changed sides so often, that in conclusion no one trusted him." And he continues: "The liveliness of his imagination was always too hard for his judgment. A severe jest was preferred by him to all arguments whatsoever. And he was endless in consultations."

The picture as a whole is clever and specious, but misleading. Halifax was vivacious indeed, but certainly there was no lack of judgment in a man (to confine ourselves for the moment to his literary work) who could write so clearly of the place and needs of the navy as he has done in his "Rough Draft of a New Model at Sea," or who could give such prudent and persuasive advice to the Nonconformists, in those days of their trial by flattery, as he offered in "The Anatomy of an Equivalent" and "A Letter to a Dissenter." He would sacrifice himself and everything else to raise the credit of his wit, says the Bishop. Doubtless he entertained the unpardonable notion that Convocations and Parliaments have no such tremendous weight in the economy of the universe as prelates and legislators are wont to assume, and this may have led him on occasion into ill-considered levity. But it must be remembered that in Charles II England had a master who responded more readily to an equivoke than to a sermon, and that there are times when the passion of party runs so high as to leave no argument to the moderate man save a "severe jest." There is a sense in which it is true that "in conclusion no side trusted him"; not, however, because "he went backwards and forwards and changed sides so often," but because he never surrendered his judgment to either side. And though indeed he belonged to that rare class of men who think it better to be right than to be efficient, it would be an error to suppose that in the longer view his life was a failure

*The Complete Works of George Savile, First Marquess of Halifax. Edited with an Introduction by Walter Raleigh. New York: Henry Frowde.

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or his policy unpractical. Macaulay, who by temperament had no great love for the non-partisan, was yet clear-eyed enough to be just when he came to sum up the career of Halifax:

> What distinguishes him from all other English statesmen is this, that, through a long public life, and through frequent and violent revolutions of public feeling, he almost invariably took that view of the great questions of his time which history has finally adopted.

His place is with those moderates who in the noise of tumultuous times often seem to be jostled about as weaklings, yet in the end, somehow, when sanity returns, appear to have had the stars and the forces of nature with them. When Falkland lost his life at Newbury —deliberately threw his life away, said some, in black despair—it may have looked as if his temporizing course between King and Parliament had been as futile as it was perilous. Yet after Charles and Cromwell had played their parts, it was at the last the policy of Falkland and his kind which became the government of the nation, and, on the monument raised where he fell in battle, we now read with commendation the inscription taken from Burke: "The rest is vanity, the rest is crime." And so, when Halifax died in retirement, it may have seemed, despite the titles and decorations which were mocked by the Bishop of Salisbury, that his powers had been spent in a career of vain protest against the forces of the age; yet in the longer event England of the eighteenth century can be seen to have owed its strength mainly to the balancing policy of him and the few men with him who resisted the current of the day. Without the health and vigor due to their temperance it is scarcely conceivable that Walpole should have so nourished the resources of the land, or Chatham so extended its empire, or Burke formulated the philosophy of its Constitution.

II.

As a matter of fact, Burke himself, though a writer of far wider sweep and more gorgeous eloquence, never wrote a sounder exposition of that philosophy than Halifax had already given in the tract which, anonymously and half-disdainfully, he made public in defence of "The Character of a Trimmer." On December 3 and 4, 1684, Roger l'Estrange, in two issues of the *Observator*, had uttered a savage attack on the Trimmer as a man who was neither Whig nor Tory, but "a hundred thousand things" as circumstances and lack of conscience moved him; and Miss Foxcroft conjectures, very plausibly, that this was the occasion of Halifax's apology. "This innocent word Trimmer," he replies, in behalf of himself and his policies, "signifieth no more than this, that if men are together in a boat, and one part of the company would weigh it down on one side, another would make it lean as much to the contrary; it happeneth there is a third opinion of those who conceive it would do as well if the boat went even, without endangering the passengers." This third opinion of those who would trim ship took the form in Halifax's days of an attempt to find a *via media* between the extreme monarchical theories on the one side of Hobbes and Filmer and the non-resistance men, and on the other side the views of those who would deprive monarchy of real authority by the Exclusion Act and other Parliamentary encroachments, or would set up an actual commonwealth.

> We think [says Halifax] that a wise mean between these barbarous extremes is that which self-preservation ought to dictate to our wishes; and we may say we have attained to this mean in a greater measure than any nation now in being or perhaps any we have read of, though never so much celebrated for the wisdom or felicity of their Constitutions. We take from one the too great power of doing hurt, and yet leave enough to govern and protect us; we take from the other the confusion, the parity, the animosities, the license, and yet reserve a due care of such a liberty as may consist with men's allegiance. But it being hard, if not impossible, to be exactly even, our Government hath much the stronger bias towards monarchy, which by the general consent and practice of mankind seemeth to have the advantage in dispute against a commonwealth. The rules of a commonwealth are too hard for the bulk of mankind to come up to; that form of government requireth such a spirit to carry it on as doth not dwell in great numbers, but is restrained to so very few, especially in this age, that, let the methods appear never so reasonable in paper, they must fail in practice, which will ever be suited more to men's nature as it is than as it should be.

The question was settled for the time by the Revolution—but not finally. Give but a slight change to the terms and the dispute is again as active and rancorous in the twentieth century here in America as it was two hundred years ago in the England of the Stuarts. For the prerogative of the Crown substitute only the privilege of property, and for the commonwealth substitute the initiative, the referendum, and the recall, and you have a situation in which the Trimmer is represented by the abhorred Reactionary, who, like Halifax, but haply not with his success, would stand against the tides of emotional drifting.

As the sovereign power behind the government, whether that were to be called limited monarchy or limited democracy, Halifax saw the majesty of Law. His idealization of Law as the firm and slowly changing reason of a nation contrasted with the inconsiderate impulse of the moment was, of course, no new thing. It was distinctly the lesson of the long and grave experience of Rome in governing the world, and it had received, so far as I know, its earliest and still its noblest expression on the lips of Socrates in the jail of Athens, when, to the offer of his rich friends to bribe his way into liberty, he couched his reply in the personified voice of his city. This same mystic voice whose sound so murmured in the ears of Socrates that he could listen to no other, though speaking now in a different tongue and to different ends, may be heard in the superb exordium of the Trimmer's apology:

> Our Trimmer, as he hath a great veneration for Laws in general, so he hath a more particular for our own. He looketh upon them as the chains that tie up our unruly passions, which else, like wild beasts let loose, would reduce the world into its first state of barbarism and hostility. The good things we enjoy we owe to them; and all the ill things we are freed from is by their protection. . . .
>
> They are to mankind that which the sun is to plants, whilst it cherisheth and preserveth them. Where they have their force and are not clouded or suppressed, everything smileth and flourisheth; but where they are darkened and not suffered to shine out, it maketh everything to wither and decay.
>
> They secure men, not only against one another, but against themselves, too. They are a sanctuary to which the Crown hath occasion to resort as often as the people, so that it is an interest as well as a duty to preserve them.

Such is the majestic idea of Law which Halifax really had in mind to set up as the true sovereign, in place of Hobbes's notion of the universal will of the people concentrated by mutual bargain and concession in the person of the monarch, or in place of the benevolent despot which was to be formulated by Bolingbroke and disastrously imitated by George III. It rested on a supreme "passion for liberty," which the Trimmer held "to be the foundation of all virtue and the only seasoning that giveth a relish to life." And equally, in the last resort, it rested on the conviction that "there is a soul in that great body of the people," and that, "when all is said, there is a natural reason of state, an undefinable thing grounded upon the common good of mankind, which is immortal, and in all changes and revolutions still preserveth its original right of saving a nation, when the letter of the law perhaps would destroy it; and by whatsoever means it moveth, carrieth a power with it that admitteth of no opposition, being supported by Nature, which inspireth an immediate consent at some critical times into every individual member to that which visibly tendeth to preservation of the whole." But if Law, as thus conceived by Halifax, depends in the final test for efficacy on the consent of the governed, it implies also a settled mistrust of the first motions of human nature. It is

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the experience of time against the desires of the present, a restraining force imposed upon the action of the nation comparable to the habits grafted upon the individual man in childhood. As the Trimmer says, Law is a security for men not only against one another, but against themselves.

III.

How deep this mistrust of human nature extended in the case of Halifax can be better learned from the three little groups of "Thoughts and Reflections" published posthumously from his papers in 1750. For models in English Halifax had the "Essays" of Bacon, the "Leviathan" and "Behemoth" of Hobbes, and the "Table Talk" of John Selden, the last-named like himself a Trimmer. In French he had the "Maxims" of La Rochefoucauld and, more particularly, the "Characters" of La Bruyère, to which his work approaches most nearly in style and ideas. In compass and minuteness of observation he no doubt falls behind his French model; nor has he the literary neatness due as much to the finer resources of the language of the "Characters" as to the conscientious labor of their author. But he possesses in compensation a certain honesty of his own, and a memorable gravity born of practical experience. What he learned from the business of life is pretty well summed up in the brief chapter entitled Of the World:

It is from the Shortness of Thought, that Men imagine there is any great Variety in the World.

Time hath thrown a Vail upon the Faults of former Ages, or else we should see the same Deformities we condemn in the present Times.

When a man looketh upon the Rules that are made, he will think there can be no Faults in the World; and when he looketh upon the Faults, there are so many he will be tempted to think there are no Rules.

They are not to be reconciled, otherwise than by concluding that which is called *Frailty* is the incurable *Nature* of Mankind.

A Man that understandeth the World must be weary of it; and a Man who doth not, for that Reason ought not to be pleased with it.

The Uncertainty of what is to come, is such a dark Cloud, that neither Reason nor Religion can quite break through it; and the Condition of Mankind is to be weary of what we do know, and afraid of what we do not.

The World is beholden to *generous Mistakes* for the greatest Part of the Good that is done in it.

Our *Vices* and *Virtues* couple with one another, and get Children that resemble their Parents.

If a Man can hardly inquire into a Thing he undervalueth, how can a Man of good Sense take pains to understand the World?

To understand the World, and to like it, are two things not easily to be reconciled.

That which is called an *Able Man* is a great Over-valuer of the World, and all that belongeth to it. [True, no doubt of the ordinary efficient, successful man, but scarcely true of the great practical genius, such as a Cæsar or a Napoleon.]

All that can be said of him is, that he maketh the best of the General Mistake.

It is the Fools and the Knaves that make the Wheels of the World turn. *They* are *the World;* those few who have Sense or Honesty sneak up and down single, but never go in Herds.

To be too much *troubled* is a worse way of over-valuing the World than the being too much *pleased.*

A Man that steps aside from the World, and hath leisure to observe it without Interest or Design, thinks all Mankind as mad as they think him, for not agreeing with them in their Mistakes.

First of all, one is struck in these aphorisms by the writer's feeling of superiority to the common interests of life. "The Government of the World is a great thing," he declares elsewhere; "but it is a very coarse one too, compared with the Fineness of Speculative Knowledge." And this is the view of La Bruyère: "Je ne mets au-dessus d'un grand politique que celui qui néglige de le devenir, et qui se persuade de plus en plus que le monde ne mérite point qu'on s'en occupe." Something of this rather chilly aloofness in our English statesman, which was felt and resented by his contemporaries, was due to philosophy, something of it also sprang from foiled vanity no doubt. But, lest we ascribe too much weight to his personal pique, it must be remembered that he has, in "The Trimmer," written one of the most magnanimous passages in the English tongue on the passion of patriotism and one of the noblest encomiums of his native land. If pressed, he might, perhaps, have admitted cynically that such a passion was to be included among the "generous mistakes" to which the world is beholden for its good, but at least no man of his age made of it a purer call to the patient performance of duty. And it is to be remembered also that in the most admired words he ever wrote, the peroration in praise of Truth, he represents that goddess as no indifferent idol of the schools but as the active, though long-suffering, judge of righteousness. Altogether he would have subscribed, in his softer moments, to that other *Jugement* of La Bruyère: "Il y a une philosophie qui nous élève au-dessus de l'ambition et de la fortune . . . Il y a une autre philosophie qui nous soumet et nous assujétit à toutes ces choses en faveur de nos proches ou de nos amis: c'est la meilleure."

With the memory of these things in mind we shall not go astray in interpreting his chapter Of the World in some such way as this: Life at bottom is a vain and endless repetition of things that have no outcome. Men are but frail creatures, forever reforming and correcting themselves, yet never cured of their weakness. They are divided in the mass into fools and knaves, and only by the malleability of the former and by the selfish practices of the latter is the common business of society kept in motion. Even the knave is a fool in a way, for he is deceived in his valuation of the things he seeks, whereas the man who really knows the world must be weary of its emptiness. From such a dilemma there is only one escape for wisdom, and that is into a higher folly, as human speech must call it, a folly which acts without illusion and without attachment, waiting serenely for the approbation of the everlasting Truth.

We shall not be wrong, I am sure, in giving this slightly mystical turn to what might be called the active aloofness of our statesman; but, withal, we must acknowledge that such a philosophy is more implicit than explicit in his writings, as it no doubt was in his mind and acts. The flavor of his aphorisms as a whole gives, let us admit, something of the bitterness of a man who, having accomplished much, yet retires from the world a little disappointed, and who takes a private revenge on society by anatomizing the secret motives of its activity.

IV.

The question remains how far this Savilian philosophy is peculiar to the writer and his age, and how far it is applicable to other times, even to our own. It cannot be gainsaid that public life in England in the Revolutionary years following the Rebellion, the life from which Halifax drew his knowledge of human nature, was in some respects abnormal. For historical reasons which we need not here analyze the game of politics was more than usually acrid: personal ambitions were entangled with views of the state in a way to bewilder the conscience of actors and observers, and the changes and uncertainty of allegiance, to a certain extent necessary under the confusion of government, obscured the boundary between honorable prudence and treachery and so placed an almost intolerable burden on the integrity of the individual. Certainly the conditions of public life have changed since then, and a philosophy drawn from those conditions will seem at least out of proportion in more normal times. Yet we shall deceive ourselves if we imagine the change to have been radical. A close observer of political life as it was exhibited only last year in our own Presidential campaign must have seen in the behavior of party leaders an aspect of human nature not unlike that which inspired the Savilian philosophy—the same confusion of ethical standards, the same mingling of personal malice and public service, the same underlying vanities.

The alteration from Halifax's day to ours will be found, after all, a matter

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of degree only, and not of kind. The value of studying the acts of politicians lies for the moralist in the magnifying effect, so to speak, of public life; the motives by which they are guided and the goals for which they strive are not different from those of private men, but larger and stronger and clearer. And so, for the student of human nature, the age of Halifax will have a peculiar significance because of the very exaggeration of political conditions and the consequent upwelling into the light of day of those deeper sources of human conduct which in other ages are more or less obscured and repudiated. What seemed to the statesman under Charles and James the Second the ruling impulse of mankind may be learned from his aphorisms:

Malice may be sometimes out of Breath, Envy never. A Man may make Peace with Hatred, but never with Envy.

Envy taketh the Shape of *Flattery*, and that maketh Men hug it so close, that they cannot part with it.

Men often *mistake* themselves, but they never *forget* themselves.

Envy is a harsh word and may be out of favor in a softened society; Halifax himself, were he writing to-day, would probably change it for a gentler equivalent. He would acknowledge in the hearts of men moments of finer impulse and higher vision, as he acknowledged them in the hearts of the men he actually knew; he would see that conduct is largely the result of no conscious moral sense at all, but the mere result of a social compulsion or habit; but if he remained true to his philosophy he would say that, in an age when the sharp distinctions between friend and foe are for the most part obliterated, the perpetual moving force in the relations of man to man is a kind of dull jealousy. It would be supremely interesting to know how he would modify the language of his philosophy in developing this milder and, in a way, diminished ruling passion. As it is, we see the fibres of human nature magnified in his Reflections as under a microscope, perhaps also a little distorted.

P. E. M.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The content of a blank page may be of interest, and not alone from the angle of view of the metaphysician among bibliophiles. That famous blank page in the first series of "The Ingoldsby Legends" may be held for demonstration. When Bentley brought out the first issue of this work it was discovered that page 236 was without letters, and a text (in black-letter) was hurried into the forms for the complement of the edition. It is, however, blank-page 236 in the Harry Elkins Widener copy of this first issue, which bears an autographed quatrain of Barham's, in ink, by no means unworthy to be stressed in type. The Widener "Ingoldsby" is a presentation copy to Edward Raleigh Moran, and the verses in question are addressed to this friend:

By a blunder for which I have only to thank
Myself here's a page has been somehow left blank.
Aha! my friend Moran, I have you—you'll look
In vain for a fault in *one* page of my book.

The second series of "Ingoldsby" also presents a "first of first issues" situation, interesting and refreshing to those who prize negligible things. The illustrations in this second series, executed by Cruikshank and Leech, preface the several pieces they embellish in the earliest issues of the series. The copy in my possession has this arrangement of the plates, which was rescinded for subsequent issues; and I have further the autograph letter in which Barham handed his publisher authorization for the change. The original publication of "Ingoldsby" in *Bentley's Miscellany* envisaged both the frontispiece scheme for the plates, and that absorption of the plates by the text which Barham, in the letter cited, adopts definitively and exclusively for the book. Whether this pagination had been prescribed by the author, and had been defeated through inadvertence, does not appear from the letter; nor could any one save Elisha record how many numbers of this "first of first issues" escaped the press of Elijah. Ingoldsby's letter:

My dear sir:
The illustrations should *face:*

Black Mousquetaire	page 28
Merchant of Venice	page 58
Auto da Fé	page 82
Dead Drummer	page 200
St. Cuthbert, or Devil's dinner	page 228
Old Woman in grey	page 258
St. Medard	page 284

Will you be good enough to return the enclosed to Mr. Bentley with my best thanks.

Yours very sincerely,
R. H. Barham.

By such rushlights is the *mise en scène* of book-collecting enlightened.

STANLEY KIDDER WILSON.

Correspondence

THE PROPOSED CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT AND EX-PRESIDENTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your characterization of the proposed Constitutional amendment relative to the Presidential term, as unfair to Mr. Roosevelt and "virtually *ex-post-facto* legislation" (*Nation*, February 6), does not your anxiety to be entirely fair to Mr. Roosevelt influence you unduly and cause you to lean backward? If it is true that "the people will be quick to grasp the fact that the amendment in its present form is virtually *ex-post-facto* legislation," they will be thereby grasping at shadow rather than substance. There is no such thing as *ex-post-facto* legislation, virtual or other, outside the domain of criminal law. Retroactive legislation (of which *ex-post-facto* legislation is a very small part) there is in abundance, and necessarily so, because a very large part of legislation is, in some sense or degree, necessarily retroactive, *i. e.*, attaches further or other results to acts already done or facts already existing; but such legislation is not for that reason necessarily objectionable either legally or morally. It is only where the retroactive effect attaches new or additional criminal penalties to acts already done (technically called *ex-post-facto* effect), or violates contract obligations or vested property rights that it is objectionable either in law or morals.

The retroactive effect (if it can be called such) involved in this instance does neither of these things. It consists in the fact that in disqualifying everybody from holding the Presidential office for more than one term, it incidentally and necessarily takes away from living ex-Presidents the chance of again holding the office. Now this chance is something to which ex-Presidents have no vested or other right. Their situation to which the amendment, if adopted, would apply, is something of their own choosing and making. In accepting the Presidential term which they have already held they acted (just as everybody under Government acts and must act) with full knowledge and understanding that the sovereign power is perfectly free at all times to enact any laws that it chooses, and thereby to attach to their acceptance of the office any further or other results that it sees fit. The chances which they thereby took are no different essentially from those which all of us are constantly taking with reference to possible future action of the sovereign power. And as those chances were of their own choosing they would not have even as good ground for complaint of unfairness as a man who had lost an arm or leg would have to complain of a law requiring all candidates for the constabulary to be free from such defects. The latter law would deprive the cripple of an eligibility which he once had, but nobody would think of objecting to the law for that reason.

There is, therefore, no valid objection to the amendment on the ground that ex-Presidents now living are included in its operation. Nevertheless, it might be wiser to change the form of the amendment as you suggest. Your prediction that, if submitted in its present form, the question of barring Roosevelt from another term would be the dominant issue, is well within the probabilities. If the amendment were submitted to popular vote, that prediction would be a certainty. The air would be filled for months with mingled denunciations and laudations of Mr. Roosevelt and the real issue would be lost from sight or hopelessly obscured.

HERBERT L. BAKER.

Detroit, March 11.

THE MEXICAN PEOPLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: American newspapers in commenting on events in Mexico almost always speak of the "Mexican people" doing this or that, holding these or those opinions and aspirations. That sort of thing sounds very plausible and probable to those of us who have never lived in Mexico, but it hardly appeals to Americans familiar with the actual political conditions of our Southern neighbor.

The Mexican "people" consists of a small class of intelligent patriots, a larger class of indolent hacendados (owners of vast tracts of land), and finally a very large class of peons, decent and industrious in the main, but absolute children so far as political, social, commercial, and indus-

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trial education is concerned. The hacendado lives on the land in patriarchal style, raises cattle, is virtually lord and master of the neighborhood. His interest in the country is often confined to a demand that there shall be no brigandage and that land taxes shall be kept low. He is often immensely rich without the slightest idea how to use his money to any advantage. He will buy a magnificent threshing machine for cash, try it for a year, and then return to the mediæval style of beating out his grain with colts running over a hard floor—simply to give his horses exercise, señor. He will take a notion to go to Europe with his family, mortgage his land, fail to pay interest, and cannot get it into his head why he has lost the property. Spanish by descent, he has the ancient Spanish conception of absolutism in government and religion. The modern idea of a democracy is as unfamiliar and incomprehensible to him as would be the nebular hypothesis. Brave as a lion, hospitable to a fault, a friend to his friends, and an enemy to his enemies—through thick and thin—he is distinctly not modern in habits of life or mode of thought. Withal he is a most amiable and admirable person, as any one who has ever known a typical Mexican hacendado will admit, but he certainly is not the kind of man from which modern democracies are fashioned.

The third class is the professional and business people—a very small part of the population of Mexico. Many of these, like Madero, for example, have been educated abroad, and have acquired a set of ideas that originated from European conditions. Importing these ideas of government and social conditions into their own country, they fail lamentably to carry the great mass of people with them. Foreigners often mistake them and their ideas as the ideas of the Mexican people. Indeed, the true Mexican sociological product that assimilates foreign culture to home conditions has been men like Diaz and Juárez—Oaxaca Indians, and not Mexicans of European descent. They come the nearest to representing the Mexican people; and yet events show very clearly that numerically they do nothing of the sort. The peon is entirely without civic consciousness; the land-owner, living in patriarchal seclusion, is out of touch with national life; the foreigner who built the railways, introduced drainage and sanitation, and equipped electric plants, is without political influence. A numerically small class of lawyers, engineers, newspaper men, and soldiers govern the country. E. L. C. MORSE.

Chicago, March 12.

TRIALS OF A HOUSEKEEPER IN 1400.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: One of the very practical, though often neglected, advantages of literary study is that it enables us better to know ourselves and our own times. Men who seem heroic and movements which seem unparalleled assume their proper proportions when made to take their place in the tale of the centuries. With a deep background of human history in literature to correct our perspective, we shall be guarded from two errors dangerous to nation and citizen alike: we shall not bemoan our lot in having fallen upon the worst days that ever were, and we shall be delivered from the equally erroneous conviction that we are the people and that wisdom will die with us.

While reading John Gower's French didactic poem, "Mirour de l'omme," discovered in 1895, I had quite unexpectedly one of those curious experiences in which one is carried back through the ages only to find the same sort of men saying about other men the same things that we hear on all sides to-day. The poem to which I refer opens with a long account of the origin of the divers vices and virtues, and of their struggle for the possession of man. This part is thoroughly mediæval and is heavy reading, unless one's appetite be whetted for allegory. But there follows a pessimistic view of the state of society which, in spite of its depressing intent, makes one feel unaccountably elated, and which is exceedingly profitable as an antidote for pessimism in our own day.

Gower's remarks at the expense of the clergy, lawyers, and doctors have lost none of their piquancy. But his judgment of "the butcher and baker and candlestick maker" falls most pat, and will interest the members of our modern Housekeepers' Leagues with their pure-food slogans and servant problems. I may summarize Gower's more pertinent observations in the following free translation (vv. 25981-26604):

Man is so constituted as to require above all else food and drink. So it is no wonder if I speak of victualers, whose principle it is to deceive and to practice fraud. I will begin, as an instance, with the tavern-keeper and his wine-cellar. . . . If his red or white wine loses its proper color, he mixes it freely to procure the proper shade. . . . If I stop in to fill my flask, he gives me of his best wine to taste, and then fills my flask with some cheap stuff. He pretends to have any foreign vintage that one desires, but under divers names he draws ten kinds from the same barrel. . . . The poor people complain with reason that their beer is made from an inferior quality of grain, while good beer is almost as dear as wine. If you give an order for beer to be delivered at the house, the inn-keeper will send a good quality once or twice until he gets your trade, and then he sends worse at the same price. . . . Every one in the city is complaining of the short-weight loaves the bakers sell, and wheat is stored with the intention to boost the price of bread. . . . Whether you buy at wholesale or retail, you have to pay the butcher twice the right price for beef and lamb. Lean beef is fattened by larding it, but the skewers are left in and ruin the carver's knife. . . . To fetch their price, butchers often hold back meat until it is bad, when they try to sell it rather than cast it to the dogs. . . . Poulterers sell as fresh game what has been killed ten days before(!). . . . For my own part, I can dispense with partridges, pheasants, and plovers. But capons and geese are almost as high nowadays as hens.

Yet, if all those of whom I have spoken agreed to be fair and just, there would still be unfairness in the world. For even laborers are unfair, and will not willingly subject themselves to what is reasonable, claiming high wages for little work; they want five or six shillings for the work they formerly did for two. In old times workingmen did not expect to eat wheat bread, but were satisfied with coarser bread and with water to drink, regarding cheese and milk as a treat. I cannot find one servant of that sort now in the market (*i. e.*, intelligence office!). They are all extravagant in their dress, and it would be easier to satisfy two gentlemen than one such ill-bred servant. They are neither faithful, polite, nor well-behaved. Many are too proud to serve like their fathers. . . . The fault lies with the lethargy of the gentry, who pay no heed to this folly of the lower classes; but, unless care be taken, these tares will soon spring up, and the insurgence of these classes is to be feared like a flood or a fire.

The trouble is that no one is satisfied with his own estate: lord, prelate, commoner—each accuses the other. The lower classes blame the gentleman and the townsman, and the upper classes blame the lower, and all is in confusion. . . . The days prophesied by Hosea are come to pass, when there shall be no wisdom in the earth. I know not if the fault lie with laymen or churchmen, but all unite in the common cry: "the times are bad, the times are bad."

W. W. COMFORT.

Ithaca, N. Y., March 13.

A DOCTOR ON POST-IMPRESSIONISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A couple of us plain folks have just been taking notes on Futurist paintings and sculpture at the International Exhibition of Modern Art. One could easily recognize the germ of value which had been forced into performing capricious pranks by instigators with ocular aberrations and hallucinatory obsessions.

The salient color key was conspicuously at the lassitude end of the spectrum (violet end). Whenever the red end of the spectrum had been employed, a garish effect was the result. The staring presentment of drawing was of the sort done by children and Indians, whose response to impressions finds a primitive sort of expression in crude outline drawings. There was none of the simplicity of great art, but rather the simplicity of arrested development, or of the infantile type of consciousness.

I had always supposed that the poetry of art held mathematics to be a sort of hereditary enemy, yet here, right upon the very escutcheon of the Post-Impressionist, we find emblazoned cubes, higher curves, and conic, or comic, sections.

We saw the Futurist sculpture. It left as much to the imagination as would have been left by wooden idols. This idea of suggestion through the influence of symbols has fundamental *raison d'être*, but it leads the sculptor to sell the stock of an unworked mine. It allows him to shift responsibility to the intellectual apprehension of his public, and thereby to avoid the trouble and expense of any long artistic training. I would call it a sort of labor-saving sculpture, representing the simplicity of artistic indolence.

An editorial note on page 172 of the March number of *Arts and Decoration* states that "Post-Impressionism, consciously or unconsciously, is being felt in every phase of expression." Alas! 'tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true! It began first in the business world some years ago, with extensive sales of post-impressionist mining stock to widows and orphans and to me.

The text following the quoted editorial note brings forward information that the new movement is to extend into literature, and states that a certain authoress is doing with words what Picasso is doing with paint. She gives us these lines:

It is a gnarled division, that which is not any obstruction, and the forgotten swelling is certainly attracting. It is attracting the whiter division, it is not sinking to be growing, it is not darkening to be disappearing, it is not aged to be annoying.

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There cannot be sighing. This is this bliss.

Now, wait a minute—if you can. Is this new? To me it sounds much like the words of a man who is suddenly called upon to make an after-dinner speech. Such a post-prandial speaker will often give a post-impressionist display of things which he has in mind, while leaving the matter of coherence in idea to an audience which is presumably sober, if not serious. What a speaker does hurriedly and with more or less valid excuse, the post-impressionist writer does deliberately with malcoherence aforethought, transcending the conditions of useful activity of the mind.

ROBERT T. MORRIS.

New York, March 13.

Literature

SEDGWICK'S ITALY IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

Italy in the Thirteenth Century. By Henry Dwight Sedgwick. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 2 vols. $5 net.

Thirty years ago Leo XIII declared that mankind must go back to the thirteenth century, if it would recover peace, faith, and the way of salvation. Speaking from the Vatican, he was perfectly logical, for the thirteenth century witnessed the culmination of the mediæval Roman Church. Then it was that Hildebrand's dream of Papal supremacy seemed for a moment about to be realized by Innocent III; then it was that St. Francis and St. Dominic founded orders which served, by different means, to extend the authority of the hierarchical institution, while St. Thomas formulated its theology, and Dante wrote its epic. No wonder, therefore, that Catholic writers have recently lauded the thirteenth as the greatest of their centuries.

To a still larger number of persons, whom we may call "intellectuals," having neither sectarian nor partisan interests in it, this period appeals strongly by its variety, its range, and its profound significance. If you approach it through the earlier mediæval history, it appears to be the clearing-house of many of the forces and tendencies of the preceding four hundred years; if you look back upon it from the standpoint of to-day, you see that it was also the seed-time of the Renaissance and of many of the products which we regard as peculiarly modern.

The thirteenth century attracts still another group, sentimentalists or æsthetes, who find in it a soothing antithesis to the present. They accept it as an age unharassed by religious or philosophic doubts, unpolluted by industrialism, undisturbed by a sullen proletariat. Determined to know only what is beautiful and to sense only what is pleasurable, they betake themselves to an imaginary thirteenth century: like the Pre-Raphaelites of sixty years ago, who supposed that their over-sophistication and spiritual anæmia could reproduce the naïveté and enthusiasm of their fifteenth century models.

Although Mr. Sedgwick has manifestly much sympathy for the æsthetic aspects of his subject, he treats his subject as an intellectual. He has set himself an encyclopædic task: for he undertakes to describe not merely the political evolution, but the ecclesiastical polity, the theological dogmas, the manners and customs, the architecture, sculpture, painting and poetry, and even the Latin literature of the century; and he has evidently devoted himself with intelligent industry to acquire a knowledge of these diverse themes. His volumes are a guide-book—the best in English—to the period; popular, but not shallow; a series of agreeable and often sprightly essays; a storehouse of quaint or pertinent information.

The work shows plainly that Mr. Sedgwick's forte lies in the essay, or brief monograph, rather than in historical composition. He lacks the architectonic talent without which no man can shine as an historian. He has assembled ample material, but instead of building it into one symmetrical edifice, he puts up a dozen small ones, somewhat artificially connected by porticos. Now, to write narrative history is to tell a story; and this story should move forward as a stream or a river moves. The historian must not pause from time to time, mid-current, and strike off into the country to show us a lake amid the hills, or to visit a monastery or a distant city.

Let us illustrate: The historical significance of the thirteenth century springs from the death-struggle which it witnessed between the Papacy and the Empire—a struggle which ended in the collapse of both institutions. Accordingly, a properly constructed history should make that contest its central object, and should trace it, with as few digressions as possible, from start to finish. Mr. Sedgwick, however, after giving us two interesting chapters about Innocent III as priest and as preacher, turns aside to Joachim, then takes up Innocent again in two more chapters, then devotes two chapters to St. Francis and the first disciples, and finally, in his ninth chapter, reaches Frederick II—the protagonist of the Empire. With chapter 10 the drama between Frederick and Gregory IX opens; but the action is soon halted in order to introduce essays on Provençal and Sicilian poetry, on Bologna University and some of its professors, on early art, painting and mosaic, and the decorative arts—nine chapters.

Interspersed among these is an essay on the Lombard Communes, and another on the Nobles of the North, in which Frederick's affairs are incidentally touched upon. Only when we come to chapter 22 does the central story emerge again into the foreground—none too soon, indeed, for Frederick dies in chapter 23. Similar breaks in continuity recur throughout the second volume, which covers the latter half of the century—a period in which it is obviously much more difficult to find and keep a central, unifying plot—but to master such difficulties is the historian's business. The result is that only persons with a tenacious memory can hope to piece together the course of political development as Mr. Sedgwick has drawn it.

Before issuing a second edition of his book, Mr. Sedgwick ought to rearrange his material so as to make the political history consecutive, and to bind together the chapters on other subjects—St. Francis and his followers, for instance—which are now dispersed. The reader whose attention is so flaccid that it requires to be stimulated by a change of topic every twenty minutes, may well be neglected. Mr. Sedgwick has obtained variety, but at the expense of much more important qualities. This is to be regretted all the more, because his introductory chapter, the best in the book, and the intrinsic value of much of his material, lead us to expect a higher achievement than we find.

He has furnished an excellent substructure for the career of Innocent III, whom he regards as the greatest political figure in Europe between Charlemagne and Napoleon, and he does full justice to that other masterful Pope, Gregory IX. But in respect to the Emperor Frederick II, "the Wonder of the World," he is less satisfactory. He holds Frederick's talents as mediocre, and his failure as a retribution for incompetence:

> Frederick II was less a man ahead of his time than out of sympathy with it. The main impulses of the awakening world were economic, and the main need of economic development was the need of peace and order. . . . He should have accepted the communal spirit, he should have encouraged the growth of trade, and the development of local self-government. His course was plain enough. . . . [But] he looked back and not forward (II, 335-37).

This criticism hardly harmonizes with opinions which Mr. Sedgwick expresses elsewhere—opinions in which he recognizes that the paramount issue was not the rise of the communes and the expansion of trade, but the conflict between the Empire and the Papacy. The causes that made one city Ghibelline and the other Guelf were not uniform; in many cases, the economic factor exerted little influence; and sometimes there was a sudden overturn, from Guelf to Ghibelline, or the reverse, like a modern political "landslide." Frederick failed, not because of mediocrity, but because the Imperial ideal for which he stood had lost its hold on the imagination and allegiance of men. He failed, just as the Popes failed in establishing the ideal of universal Papal supremacy, that twin

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product of Charlemagne's time. Innocent III caused that Papal ideal to be respected by the sovereigns of Western Christendom; but before a century had elapsed Nogaret and Sciarra Colonna laid violent hands on Boniface VIII at Anagni for proposing to put his Papal authority into practice by excommunicating the French King.

After all, failure does not necessarily imply incompetence. Cæsar and Napoleon failed; and yet they have sometimes been reckoned men of more than middling parts; Lee failed, and yet he is fairly ranked among the great modern captains. We prefer to concur in the general verdict of the best judges of the past seven centuries as to Frederick's greatness. He failed to establish his Empire, but he shattered forever the mediæval Papacy; that should suffice for his fame.

We have not space to criticise in detail Mr. Sedgwick's many chapters on the literature and arts of the thirteenth century. They reveal careful study of the leading authorities, and first-hand impressions as well. They are wholesomely popular, and will be especially useful to travellers. Occasionally, Mr. Sedgwick, after the fashion of most art critics, seems to read into a painting or sculpture more than is warranted—witness his speculation on the inherited traits of Innocent III as revealed by two portraits—but this does no harm, and often displays ingenuity. He has an enthusiastic account of St. Francis, two companion sketches of Thomas Aquinas and Bonaventure, and an entertaining description of mediæval manners and customs.

Mr. Sedgwick writes fluently. His bent is bookish. His style would have more firmness of tissue, however, if he would refrain from interlarding it with trite quotations (e. g., "the best laid schemes o' mice and men"), which add nothing to the text. He is also somewhat prone to amateurish touches of thought or of phrase. But, on the whole, his work ought to commend itself to cultivated readers. It is not so good for its epoch as Symonds is for the Renaissance, but it is the best in its field in English. We have noted few errata. One of the most obvious is in translating "Evangile," in the title of Joachim's treatise, "Evangile" instead of "Evangel." The illustrations are well-chosen, but we miss footnote references to the many quotations from mediæval sources.

CURRENT FICTION.

Sónnica. By Vicente Blasco Ibáñez. New York: Duffield & Co.

The historical novel is a *genre* little cultivated in Spain since the romantic movement, which produced many mediocre imitations of Walter Scott. "Sónnica la cortesana," a tale of Saguntum in the days of Hannibal, is easily the best novel of its kind which recent Spanish fiction has brought forth. Oddly enough, it is not the work of an antiquarian or a classical scholar, but rather of one whose thoughts have ordinarily been directed towards the future rather than towards the past—a former revolutionary leader whose present-day Republicanism is but a thin disguise for Socialism of the most extreme sort. Yet in this instance the reason for his choice of subject is not hard to discover. Valencians regard themselves as the kinsmen of the men of Saguntum; and just as Cervantes's "Numancia" was acted in Saragossa during the siege of 1809 to revive the flagging spirits of the defenders, so Blasco Ibáñez would have his followers in the cause of social revolution emulate the fortitude of the ancient Saguntines, their spiritual ancestors.

"Sónnica" was inspired partly by Flaubert's "Salammbô," partly by the "Aphrodite" of Pierre Louys; but to compare it with these works is mainly to suggest differences. Blasco Ibáñez, like Flaubert, has sought to apply the realistic method to the description of pagan antiquity. Though he is vastly inferior to Flaubert as an artist, his descriptions are less labored and fanciful, and he succeeds in painting a far more convincing picture than that of the French master. He agrees with Louys in exalting Greek ideals at the expense of Hebraic or Christian standards. But where Louys seeks to find in paganism the justification of viciousness, Blasco Ibáñez merely speaks as a life-long opponent of clericalism, who in his youth more than once suffered imprisonment as a result of controversies with church and state. His old enemy, the *cura*, must be attacked whenever an opportunity is offered. In "Sónnica" there is no trace of the degeneracy to be noted in "Aphrodite"; there is instead a robust virility, often crude, occasionally offensive, but wholesome by comparison.

Sónnica, the courtesan from Athens, an Aspasia in exile, has introduced an exotic culture into the little trading town. She and the hero, Actæon, a wandering Greek whom she makes her lover, represent Hellas, with its joyous life and cult of beauty. The scene changes to Rome, and the reader is introduced to Cato the Censor, Fabius the Cunctator, the youthful Scipio Africanus, and the slave Plautus grinding in his mill. Nowhere is the author more happy than in his description of Republican Rome, that nation of austere husbandmen and soldiers, poor and simple, but conscious of a great destiny. Hannibal is represented as a savage dreamer, a man of destiny, scorning art and refinement, wholly consumed with his great ambition. The novel culminates with the epic events narrated by Livy. The discordant elements are fused into solidarity in the presence of the foe. A common patriotism stirs them all. The voluptuous Sónnica sets the example of self-sacrifice by burning all her costly possessions. The victorious Carthaginians finally enter only to find a city of ruins and of corpses.

The translator has acquitted herself creditably. She has succeeded, without emasculating the book, in modifying the more shocking audacities of the original.

Witching Hill. By E. W. Hornung. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The inventor of "Raffles" has written fiction of a more serious order, but has doubtless found his "lay," commercially, in the tale of mystery. He has by no means exhausted his ingenuity in that field. These stories of enchanted ground are novel and amusing. "Witching Hill" is not under a curse; it is haunted by no visible ghost; but every inch of it is under the malign influence of a wicked old lord who has made its acres infamous long before it came to be cut up into villa sites and promoted to an elegant suburban quarter. The young land agent who lives on the premises and has the care of them, tells the tales. His duties bring him into official contact with all the villa-dwellers, and the fact that he is a gentleman makes for friendly relations with some of them. One, Ugo Delavoye, is the exponent and, in a sense, the patron of the mystery. He is a descendant of the wicked lord, knows every detail of his unsavory story, and reads the events of the hour in the light of the past. He has barely taken quarters in a Witching Hill villa when his suspicions are roused. Strange things happen: one by one the new incumbents of the land pay tribute to the old. The pious old baronet who has bought the manor house becomes a secret debauchee. One tenant commits suicide, another takes to drink, a third goes mad, and so on. Delavoye himself barely escapes with honor, and by "standing up to" the dead old scoundrel and beating him on his own ground finally lays the ghost, and makes of Witching Hill a more comfortable, if less romantic dwelling place for well-meaning persons. The tales are what the editors of the cheap magazines call "top-notchers," in their kind.

King-Errant. By Flora Annie Steel. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

This narrative, says the writer, is not a novel or a history, but "the life-story of a man taken from his own memoirs." The man is an unlikely choice as hero of Western romance, being none other than Zahir-ud-din Mahomed, called Babar, Emperor of India, and first of the "Great Moghuls." Of this personage Mrs. Steel holds not only that he was remarkable as "poet, painter, soldier, athlete, gentleman, musician, beggar,

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and king," but that he "lived the most adventurous life a man ever lived—and kept a record of it." The present chronicler has studied that record and sought to interpret it, to convey its spirit, for English readers. The more salient episodes in the career of Babar are chosen and enlarged upon. The picturesque aspects of the adventurer and his shifting *milieu* are made the most of. His feats and sufferings are described with the enthusiasm of a confessed hero-worshipper. That the effect of the performance as a whole is inadequate and confused is due, we fancy, to the error of method. It is the fashion just now for historical romancers to try to impress us with the humanity of the great men of the past by presenting them with a modern sense of humor and a modern vernacular. The thing is to emphasize their points of likeness to the man in the Strand, or the man in Broadway, rather than their points of difference. Let us make Cæsar human even if he ceases to be Roman; let us bring Cleopatra home to men's bosoms in a straight-front, if necessary, or a hobble skirt. This mode of procedure is particularly risky when the romancer is dealing with Oriental materials. A Western sense of humor, Western turns of phrase, obscure the effect. Mrs. Steel would have been more discreet in modelling her style on the Arabian Nights' Enchantment, in frankly relying upon the glamour of Eastern costume and atmosphere—instead of trying to present her Babar in terms of the current novel.

THE ROMANTIC RENAISSANCE.

A Survey of English Literature, 1780-1830. By Oliver Elton. Two volumes. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $6 net.

As Professor Elton proclaims in his preface, the present work is not a history, but "a review, a direct criticism, of everything I can find in the literature of fifty years that speaks to me with any sound of living voice." The usual characteristics of the historical treatment are accordingly absent—the history of the evolution of literary *genres*, the study of tendencies (dealt with summarily, however, in the first and last chapters) and of the influence of foreign literatures, etc. Moreover, the book contains virtually no analyses of works and only the minimum of biographical detail. It is primarily then "a series of judgments upon works of art." Nevertheless, it is one of the author's great merits that incidentally he traces in the style of the principal writers of the Romantic Era, with a precision that no one has ever attempted before, those elements which descended to them from the eighteenth century, and that he has a keen eye also for mutual influences among these writers themselves. Such an analysis brings, of course, into clearer relief what is truly characteristic in the style of the new movement, as a whole, and of its individual representatives. Not everything of this kind, of course, finds a record in Professor Elton's pages—as, for instance, the influence of Shelley's "Alastor" in certain poems of Keats, which Prof. A. C. Bradley has noted—but the attention which he has given to these matters is calculated to stimulate others to follow up this very suggestive line of inquiry.

Two large volumes of criticism, almost completely divorced from history, would seem to afford a pretty severe test of one's capacity for continuous reading, but we pronounce the best encomium on Professor Elton's treatise when we affirm that we have not found a dull page in the work. This result is due to a happy combination of gifts in the author: catholicity of taste, sanity of judgment, sense of proportion, and, lastly, a style marked by strength and movement and at the same time by careful phrasing. One consequence of the writer's varied sympathies is that the execution of the book is singularly even. He does not betray a bias towards any particular school, and his appreciations of Burke and Cobbett, of Blake and Byron, of Wordsworth and Scott are equally effective. We regard it as an especial service of this book that Professor Elton has done so much to restore the balance of criticism in favor of Byron and Scott. The chapters on Blake and Coleridge show that he is fully sensitive to the subtler qualities of mind and style; but he sees also that energy, passion, a clear vision of life, and an intense sympathy with concrete humanity may in no inconsiderable degree atone for imperfections of style, and that these characteristics may even in some important respects link the writers who exhibit them more closely with the great literary traditions of the past than is the case with their contemporaries whose style is less open to criticism. In the perennial dispute as to how far the Byronic melancholy was mere posturing, Professor Elton takes the more favorable view and justly remarks on the degree to which this egoism—"nearer to us all than Wordsworth's by the virtue of the suffering involved in it"—"gave a noticeable and still unexhausted impulse by the enlargement of the European spirit." It is needless, perhaps, to say that our author, like the rest of the world, regards "Don Juan," along with the letters, as the most perfect expression of Byron's genius. It seems to us, indeed, that Professor Elton does not make sufficient distinction between the first six cantos and the later ones in which the trick of digression has grown beyond bounds.

As with Byron, so with Scott, and in reply to the charge against the latter of merely drawing the surface, Professor Elton points out how rare is the power of depicting in this masterly way the pageant of life. He lays stress, too, on the mass and excellence of such art as is embodied in the Waverley Novels and the way in which the world of these novels evades formulæ and summary treatment. And behind it all, too, is Scott's noble nature, with its strong stamp of individuality.

It is rare that the writer's judgment seems to us to go wrong. We find it harder to follow him in his estimate of Shelley's longer poems than in any other part of the book. There is no indication here that "Alastor" is weakened by diffuseness, or that, even when taken as a series of dissolving views, "The Revolt of Islam" is, save for some beautiful passages, barely readable. Least defensible of all, however, is the almost unrestricted praise of "Prometheus Unbound." No one will deny the beauty of individual passages in this drama, especially of the greater lyrics, but an unreality and lyrical incontinence here beset Shelley's genius, as in the fourth act—a thin though radiant vapor of words—and what interest can one feel in an action which is carried on by shadows or even shadows of shadows? Turn to the corresponding play of Æschylus, and the difference is at once apparent. In a somewhat similar spirit it seems to us that the writer takes too seriously the prophetic outpourings of Blake.

In his excellent chapter on Crabbe, Professor Elton fails to note that the rather Coleridge-like coloring of "Sir Eustace Grey" and "The World of Dreams" is due to the fact that their author, like the greater poet, was addicted to opium at the time he composed them. Crabbe's genius, however, is essentially undramatic, and to perceive, how faintly, after all, the language of "Sir Eustace Grey," fine poem though it is, reflects the wild fancies of a diseased mind, one has merely to compare with it the production of a genuine madman, Cowper's sapphic stanzas, written during a period of religious insanity. We think, too, that our author exaggerates somewhat the influence of Pope on the character-drawing in Crabbe's earlier tales. From the first Crabbe felt a scientific interest in psychological detail *per se*. In this essential he was a man of the nineteenth century, old-fashioned though he seems in so many respects, and it is not merely fanciful to connect him, in some degree, with a contemporary across the Channel, who, at first sight, seems worlds apart from him—namely, Stendhal.

We have no space to dwell at length on the many excellent points of criticism to be found in Professor Elton's book—for example, the relation of Burke to the romantic movement, the limitations of Scott's insight into the Middle

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Ages, and the discussion of his style. The work, moreover, contains a valuation of every production of any importance that falls within the period of the survey. Nothing quite like this—on so extended a scale—has been done for any other period of our literature, and the treatise should obtain for its author a high place among living critics.

Attention should be called, in conclusion, to the extremely valuable bibliographical notes at the end of each volume. It is worthy of remark that, unlike most of his countrymen, Professor Elton shows a thorough familiarity with the work of research which has been done outside of Great Britain.

Economic Beginnings of the Far West: How We Won the Land Beyond the Mississippi. By Katherine Coman. 2 vols. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4.

Being "a mere economist," the author informs us in her preface that her "province is rather to suggest the underlying economic conditions that determined the outcome of war and treaty and race competition, and to reveal the bread-and-butter struggle that must ever result in the survival of the fittest—the ablest to utilize the resources of a virgin territory." As a mere historian the present writer has no criticism of the attempt, and, in fact, would be the first to welcome a work which successfully interpreted the economic forces which have made the West; but as an historian he would have hesitated to undertake the work, knowing that there was not a single trustworthy history of any of the numerous States included in the vast area, and only a few good monographs on any of the fundamental topics which it would be necessary to treat; in short, very little preliminary work upon which to base conclusions. Yet this danger has never in the past been a deterrent to economic historians; and Miss Coman leaps lightly to the task and brings to it the superadded ardor of her sex.

As might have been expected, the two volumes are not a contribution to science; but they will be read with interest by uncritical readers seeking information more or less correct concerning the history of the Far West, for they present in acceptable form the main facts as far as they have been established. For convenience, the territory has been considered as falling into subdivisions, and each treated as a unit, with the result that there is much overlapping both territorially and chronologically; but this was unavoidable. These volumes contain, however, many chronological surprises. In the first sixty-six pages is the story of the Southwest, beginning with the Spanish explorations and ending with those of the Americans. Section ii begins on page 66 with the statement, "Meantime great changes had been taking place along the Espiritu Santo"; and the reader is somewhat amazed to find that the "meantime" covers the years from about 1669 to 1840, and the topic to be discussed is the enterprise of La Salle. Such chronological jumbles, and they are surprisingly frequent, rob the reader of that pleasure derived from the continuity of thought.

The narrative itself contains other surprises for the mere historian. Upon examination of any particular topic, it appears that Miss Coman has devoted most of her attention to what historians regard as strictly political history. In fact, the purely economic descriptions do not occupy any more space than would have been allotted to them by a modern historian. For instance, fifteen pages are devoted to the activities of La Salle, the last ten of which tell the story of his ill-starred expedition to settle the mouth of the Mississippi. The story as here related can be found in any history of the expedition, and there is in the whole narrative no discussion of La Salle's far-reaching economic plans. The treatment of this event is typical of the whole book, which cannot be said to do more than make sporadic attempts to lay the foundations for a true economic interpretation of the settlement of the West.

It is better, therefore, to consider the two volumes as history rather than with the qualifying adjective "economic." Even thus they are not satisfying. To discuss the journeying of Jonathan Carver without some mention of Professor Bourne's famous criticism of Carver's narrative of his adventures, whether accepting it or not, seems a startling omission. One looks in vain, also, in the account of the fur-traders for Professor Turner's well-known essay and Burpee's excellent volume on the "Search for the Western Sea." To write of French explorations and trade without reference to Margry's noted collection of sources seems almost impossible in this day, when the cry is "back to the sources." These are omissions in the bibliography taken almost at random, and indicate the superficial manner in which the data have been collected. Finally, the mechanism of the work is faulty, as the notes are hidden away at the back; and the arrangement of the bibliography by chapters makes it very difficult to discover what works have been used and necessitates much needless repetition of titles. In the present stage of the investigation of Western history, the writing of such an ambitious work as Miss Coman conceived is impossible, and she would have used her years of research to much better advantage had she limited her investigation to a more restricted field.

Annals of the Emperor Charles V. By Francisco López de Gómara. The Spanish Text and English Translation. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by R. B. Merriman. New York: Henry Frowde. $4.15 net.

Students of the Reformation period will be grateful to Professor Merriman, of Harvard, for the publication of this long-neglected historical source. Early in the nineteenth century Gallardo discovered a manuscript of the "Annals" in the National Library of Madrid, and shortly afterwards Gayangos unearthed another in the British Museum; but nearly a century was to elapse before this important work by a contemporary of the great emperor was to be used by a modern historian. The editor has prepared a text based upon the two manuscripts, which he prints both in the original and in an English translation. Copious footnotes elucidate the text. Each statement of the author has been carefully tested, his errors indicated, and references supplied. The whole is a monument of minute scholarly research. The introduction contains a biography of López de Gómara, an estimate of his historical writings, together with a discussion of the various literary problems to which the "Annals" give rise. There is also a complete index.

López de Gómara, a priest and private chaplain to Hernando Cortés, is chiefly noted for his "History of the Indies," a work written in a partisan and adulatory spirit, but valuable on account of the author's intimate personal relations with the great conquistador. He also wrote a "Chronicle of the Barbarojas" in which he narrates the lives of the two famous Mediterranean pirates who bore the name of Red Beard. The "Annals" is less important than either of these works. For the most part, it consists of terse jottings of current events under the years in which they happened. The chronicle starts with the birth of Charles in 1500, and ends with the year 1556, when he entered the monastery of Yuste. The whole work appears to be the skeleton of a more important history, projected but never completed. Most of the notes consist of a line or two each; but at times the reader is rewarded with more extended notices. The short biographies of Luther, Henry VIII, Louis XII, and other important personages of the epoch are of most interest. Gómara naturally has the point of view to be expected of a Spanish priest of the day. Thus: "Luther was a tale-bearer, a liar, a slanderer, a revolutionary, audacious, stubborn, vainglorious, rude, a cheat, buffoon, and drunkard, and, in fact, the personification of knavery, for he neither possessed nor taught a single virtue. He thus lived sixty-three years a bad man, and thirty a heretic." In like manner, his comments on English

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politics reflect the national sympathy with Catherine of Aragon and the Spaniard's detestation of her supplanter, Anne Boleyn. In the following century Calderon gave literary expression to these feelings in "The Great Schism of England."

But if Gómara, like the other historians of his time, was unable to divest himself of prevailing prejudices, he was in advance of his century in the interest he displayed in economic phenomena. In this particular he was perhaps unique. Hear him bewailing the increased cost of living:

> This year (1548) was dry, lean, and dear. In Valladolid beef was worth seven maravedis a pound, and goats' flesh ten and a half, and oil nineteen, and the latter would have cost more had it not been for the whale oil. A pound of wax candles was worth twenty-one maravedis; a pound of pears, eggs, and prunes twelve, a load of water four, and a bundle of straw four also, prices which have never been seen in Castile.

He attributes this rise in values to the sudden influx of gold from the New World.

Again, he displays no little sagacity in his repudiation of Machiavellism and Italian statecraft:

> Some persons are pleased to approve of the shiftings which kings make in their friendships and leagues, perfidiously, and to their own hurt and even dishonor, saying that such action is necessary and suitable as much for the conservation of their kingdoms as for their increase; and they confirm this doctrine by the examples of King Ferdinand the Catholic, and of Louis XII, King of France, and of Pope Julius II, who frequently employed such methods; although it would be better to hold and keep perpetually to that which they have once agreed on, as King Sigismund of Poland has done with the Turks, and as the Emperor has been desirous of doing; but since all men break their words, they maintain that to do so is not as bad as would otherwise be the case, whereas in reality it is just so much the worse, in that the evil is so common that no one trusts another in diplomacy, so dangerous is it to do so.

Those expecting to find in the "Annals" new information of a sensational character will be disappointed. Gómara's writings will not change in the slightest degree our previous estimate of Charles V, his great contemporaries, and the momentous events in which they figured. They afford at most only a few gleanings of trifling importance. This is partly due to the fact that the "Annals" were exploited by Charles's seventeenth-century biographer, Prudencio de Sandoval. Professor Merriman has conclusively shown Sandoval's indebtedness to Gómara, and has secured to the latter credit for certain information which has long been attributed to his plagiarist. But if there is little new, it is something to have old facts confirmed by an observer of Gómara's intelligence. A perusal of his racy characterizations of great men and stirring events will enable one better to appreciate the standpoint of the Spaniard of the Renaissance.

Notes

Mr. Murray, the London publisher, has collected into a volume intended as a supplement to the "Life," Disraeli's early writings, the so-called by-products of his pen. Mr. W. Hutcheon adds an introduction and notes.

Among the announcements of J. B. Lippincott Co. are "A Pair of Little Patent Leather Boots," by Edith Stotesbury Hutchinson, and a republication of Mrs. George McClellan's three novels, "A Carpet Knight," "Cupid and the Sphinx," and "Broken Chords."

Dr. John MacCunn is bringing out with Edward Arnold "The Political Philosophy of Burke."

Stanley Paul & Company promise shortly "August Strindberg," by Miss B. Lind-af-Hageby.

Putnams publish this week: "The Adventures of Miss Gregory," by Perceval Gibbon; "The Inferno," by August Strindberg, translated, with an introduction, by Claud Field; "Synonyms, Antonyms, and Associated Words," a manual of reference by Louis A. Fleming, and "The Fine Points of Auction Bridge," by Florence L. Irwin, second revised edition.

The "Three Farms" of John Mätter, which Holt announces, are as widely distant as Europe, Canada, and Indiana.

Miss Florence Converse will edit for Dutton the new Little Schoolmates series. The first volume to appear will be "Under Greek Skies," by Madame Dragoumis. Prof. Katharine Lee Bates, of Wellesley, will tell of children of Spain in "Queen Esther's Make-Believe." Prof. Margarethe Müller will describe German child-life, and Padraic Colum will attend to the children of Ireland.

Anne Douglas Sedgwick's first collection of short stories is issued this week by the Century Co.

Prof. George Santayana's "Winds of Doctrine: Studies in Contemporary Opinion," announced by Scribners, includes chapters on the Philosophy of M. Bergson, the Intellectual Temper of the Age, the Genteel Tradition in American Philosophy, etc.

Houghton Mifflin Co. issues next week the following volumes: "The Fall of the Dutch Republic," by Henrik Willem van Loon; "Guerilla Leaders of the World," by Percy Cross Standing; "England in 1815," by Joseph Ballard, and the latest contribution to the series edited by William Allan Neilson, bearing the general title Types of English Literature—"The English Lyric," by Felix E. Schelling.

Mr. Henry Frowde, the publisher to the University of Oxford, is at his own wish retiring on the 31st of March, after thirty-nine years' active work as manager of the London business of the Oxford University Press. Mr. Humphrey Milford, who has for some years been associated with Mr. Frowde, has been appointed as his successor. Though Mr. Frowde is retiring from the active supervision of business at Amen Corner, he will, it is understood, be available for consultation, so that his knowledge and experience will not be lost to the Press.

A committee, composed of Arnold Bennett, John Galsworthy, C. H. Herford, H. G. Wells, and others, has invited donations for a memorial to George Gissing. The memorial will take the form of a scholarship for the encouragement of literary studies, and will be attached to the University of Manchester, where, when it was known as Owens College, Gissing spent his student days and won literary distinctions. It is hoped that not less than £2,000 may be raised, of which amount £200 has been promised.

Under the title, "An Undergraduate's Diary," Mr. James C. White, Harvard, '53, is publishing in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* jottings which he made while in college. When he matriculated, the college faculty consisted of twelve persons: President Sparks, Professors Channing, Walker, Beck, Longfellow, Felton, Peirce, and Lovering, and Tutors S. Hartwell, F. J. Child, John B. Felton, and J. P. Cooke. "Other teachers"—the writer does not distinguish more precisely—were Prof. Asa Gray, Prof. Jeffries Wyman, and Messrs. Sophocles, Rölker, and Wheaton. Of the eighty-seven students in the freshman class all but fourteen lived in Massachusetts, and only nine came from outside New England. "With one or two exceptions, they were all of pure American stock."

At the beginning of his sophomore year young White was proud to recall that his corner room in the attic of Massachusetts Hall was the one occupied by President Quincy during his entire college life. Interesting is the topic of the first theme of the year assigned to him by Professor Channing: "It was said of Marcus Cato that his life was rather admirable than amiable." Frequent entries in the Diary show that even in those days young gentlemen sought mischief in the neighboring city. We read: "Last night three seniors, members of the Boat Club, were in a fight in Boston and put in the watch house." Student sympathy with a fellow in disgrace was also not uncommon: "A classmate was sent off for a street disturbance. A coach and four was procured, and as he drove by the Yard, he was given six cheers." The present-day policy of taking students to observe the workings of industrial plants is not new, as may be seen from the following: "We have begun a series of Saturday visits with Mr. Cooke to the various factories in the neighborhood—iron and gas works, sugar refinery, bleachery, dye works, glass and soap factories, and others, which he makes very interesting." There is a pleasant reference to a future great man, engaged in a public function: "It was a treat to hear him declaim Browning's stirring poem, 'How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix.' That was Charles Eliot." Various jottings make it plain that President Sparks preferred rules and discipline to popularity. After hearing Emerson make a speech on the Fugitive Slave law, containing severe references to Webster and Everett, "some 200 students marched to the Everett residence, old President's

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House, and cheered him. They then proceeded to President Sparks's yard and cheered. On his hostile appearance they vaulted the fence and rushed for the street."

The January number of the *American Journal of International Law*, just issued, opens with a paper describing the negotiations, British and American, by which the rules and procedure recommended in the award of the North Atlantic Coast Fisheries Arbitration Tribunal (rendered at The Hague, September 7, 1910) have been put into effect. Two articles discuss the question of the Panama tolls, one by John H. Latané, the other by Crammond Kennedy, and both strongly in favor of amending the act of Congress. Mr. Latané, in particular, recognizes the force of Secretary Stimson's declaration that our coastwise shipping interests do not need exemption from tolls. Mr. Kennedy's review of the state papers, including messages, treaties, and other official statements, constitutes a strong argument for the contention that there should be "neutralization on equal terms" and a régime at Panama similar to that which regulates the Suez Canal. That the principle of neutrality should be respected by the United States is the more imperative because of England's generous admission of our desire to exercise belligerent rights for protection. Another writer, Mr. Vesnitch, describes the career of Cardinal Alberoni, born at Piacenza in 1664 and thought by the writer to have been a pioneer of pacifism and international arbitration. He became Prime Minister of Spain, whither he went shortly before Philip V married Elizabeth Farnese. In 1736 appeared a translation, in both English and German, of the Cardinal's "Scheme for Reducing the Turkish Empire to the Obedience of Christian Princes." His projects for pacification are therein included.

The eighth series of Paul E. More's "Shelburne Essays" comes from the press of Houghton Mifflin Co. and bears a distinct title, "The Drift of Romanticism." Two of the essays, those on Pater and Nietzsche, have already appeared, in part, in the *Nation*, but the bulk of the volume has not before been printed. As indicated by the title, the papers all bear on romanticism considered as the underlying literary and philosophical tendency of the nineteenth century. William Beckford is taken as a type of morbid egotism and extravagant fancy, Cardinal Newman as the English leader of romanticism in religion, Pater as the romantic æsthete and for his idea of the art of life, Fiona Macleod as the spokesman of the new Celtic pantheism and revery, and Nietzsche for his impotent revolt from humanitarian and romantic sympathy. In all these cases there is an attempt to portray the man himself and to give a rounded criticism of his work, besides showing his relation to the drift of the age. The last essay deals with Huxley, setting forth first the antagonism between the early evolutionary philosophy as Huxley preached it and romanticism, and proceeding from this to show how the newer evolutionary philosophy of the *élan vital* has gradually become merged with romantic expansiveness. The volume closes with an exposition, in the form of aphoristic definitions, of the dualistic philosophy which, according to the argument of the book, is the basis of classical art and morality and from which romanticism is a present aberration.

The January Bulletin of Hampden-Sidney College is a pamphlet of 56 pages, containing the "Discourse on the Lives and Characters of the Early Presidents and Trustees of Hampden-Sidney College," delivered, in 1876 at the centenary of the founding of the college, by the late Hugh Blair Grigsby. Besides the "Discourse," the publication contains the roll of charter trustees and a sketch of the life of Mr. Grigsby taken mainly from the Virginia Historical Collections, Volume IX, and incorporating very appreciative remarks before the Massachusetts Historical Society by the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop on the occasion of Mr. Grigsby's death. The body of the address covers the men of the charter, Patrick Henry and James Madison among them, and gives short biographies of the early presidents—John Blair Smith, Archibald Alexander, and others.

The "Solitude Letters" (Sherman, French) of Mary Taylor Blauvelt are supposed to have been written by a school-mistress from her summer refuge to a devoted woman friend. They are really a series of intimate essays or homilies on a variety of themes. They are thoughtful in tone and simple in expression, the utterances of an amateur of living rather than an amateur of writing. The conditions under which her living is to be done are those of hundreds of serious and intelligent women. Marriage and motherhood have not been granted them, youth has departed from them, and they must reckon with life upon terms of work and friendship. The "Constance" of these letters, though not altogether free from that touch of self-consciousness with which the spinster faces her lot, is a wholesome and cheerful person. Marriage is a frequent theme with her. Freely acknowledging that at its best it offers woman her fullest opportunity of usefulness and happiness, she holds that the relation which distinguishes the best marriages from other marriages is a relation in which the single woman may excel—friendship:

> When an unmarried woman speaks of marriage there will always be some to think that she "speaks as a fool," but whether I am competent to treat of marriage or not, I am sure that when I write of friendship I am no tyro, I know whereof I speak. And I am sure that a marriage that does not include friendship is as much beneath friendship as Earth is beneath Heaven.

As for the basis of friendship in marriage, it depends, believes Constance, on intellectual equality. She is an ardent teacher of young girls, and is confident that they need to be taught. She believes in sending girls to college "that they may develop their own personalities." She believes that men prefer intellectual women, and that "the marriages of college women are likely to be happier than those of other women." She believes that "it is only the education of women that has made marriage high or holy or even dignified." In short, she holds a brief for school-breeding versus home-breeding, and finds such arguments as are to be found in favor of the mental stimulation and training of womankind as a whole. After marriage and friendship, work is her favorite theme, but this again brings us to the sex comparison. That there is a radical difference in the mental constitution and capacity of men and women is a possibility not entertained by this letter-writer for a moment. "My impression," she says comfortably, "is that the main reason why women have not done such work ['great artistic or intellectual work'] is because they have been fully occupied, generally necessarily so, with the every-day of life." The truth of this theory ought to be pretty decisively tested in the near future—if, indeed, it has not been sufficiently tested in the past.

In "The New Immigration" (Macmillan), Peter Roberts has essayed to paint from life a picture of the would-be Americans who for some thirty years have been coming among us from the countries of southeastern Europe. He has chosen to portray them not in the bold outlines of picturesque generalizations, nor with academic restraint after the manner of the scientific investigator, but rather in the broken color of anecdote and incident. In a narrative style which is often vivid but which also becomes wearisome for lack of cohesion, he describes the ordeal of Ellis Island and of the first journey into the new country; the industrial conditions in which the immigrants find themselves; the traits which aid and the traits which hinder economic acclimatization; the housing and home life of the immigrant; his relationships with his fellows, with his church, and with political society; his recreation and culture; and the problem of his assimilation to Americans and the American way of living. Dr. Roberts is strongly sympathetic. He has faith in the new immigrant. Whether he is sufficiently judicial is not so plain. To be sure, he disclaims any intention to lay down conclusions: his "main purpose has been to give facts and leave most of the theorizing to the reader." Yet he seems hardly to realize the prejudice that lurks in an array of the barest facts when these facts have not been so selected as to be wholly representative. He has set forth part of the truth—fortunately, that part which has been all too commonly ignored. As a corrective his book is sincerely to be recommended to the general reader who has not yet granted the petitioners for the immigrant a hearing.

According to Mr. John Leslie Garner, author of "Cæsar Borgia: A Study of the Renaissance" (McBride, Nast), "with the passing of 'the great man theory,' biography and history have become completely separated, and a personality such as Cæsar Borgia is interesting now chiefly as a product of the egotism of the age." Whatever the truth of this assertion, it is difficult to see its bearing upon the writing of popular biographical monographs in our day. Whether the so-called "great man" be regarded as the cause or the effect, he remains the epitome or expression of the age in which he lived, the convenient peg on which to hang an account of its happenings. To carry out his theory logically and completely, Mr. Garner would do better to single out some entirely unknown egoist of the Renaissance and show how the traits which characterize a Borgia were the common characteristics of his contemporaries. So long as he and his fellow-writers in this field continue to select such shining examples as Cæsar Borgia, to whom tradition is accustomed to assign a kind of singularity, their readers will continue to believe that

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the genius of the individual counts for something in the lives of those who express their ages too well not to express at the same time a quality in themselves that moral and material conditions are powerless wholly to account for. And from this back to complete acceptance of the theory which our author repudiates, that history is directly influenced by the efforts, ambitions, and desires of a few superlatively endowed individuals, is but a short step. Cæsar Borgia, at all events, however we may regard him, seems still to retain a large measure of personal prestige, or, if one prefers, sinister fascination. There has even been a certain revival of interest in him and in his family during the past year or so. In addition to this book of Mr. Garner's, which, despite its professions of contempt for men of violence and "ferocious egoists," is keyed to a somewhat higher pitch of sensationalism than the others, we have already noticed in recent issues E. L. Miron's "The Derelict Duchess," over which, even if Cæsar enters its pages only as an incident in the life of his abandoned bride, his dark presence nevertheless casts a kind of continuous gloom; and Bishop Mathew's "Life and Times of Rodrigo Borgia," which contains a detailed account of the son as well as of the father and the other members of the upstart Spanish family. To these the present work adds little or nothing that is particularly fresh either in the presentation or in the interpretation of facts, and is, moreover, disfigured by the author's rather rhetorical style and his tendency to become controversial or dogmatic in the statement of moral and economic commonplaces.

The latest addition to a series of monographs by Chinese students in the Studies in History and Political Science, issued by Columbia University, is Dr. Wellington Koo's "Status of Aliens in China" (Vol. L, No. 2, Longmans, Green). The author, after a brilliant career as a student in America, now occupies the responsible position of English Secretary to the President of China, an appointment which the impeccable literary style of this volume would seem by itself to justify. In a brief introductory review of the historic policy of China towards foreigners it is easily shown that the adoption of a "closed door" attitude on the part of the Imperial Government dates no farther back than four hundred years ago. Dr. Koo is inclined to attribute the change in the sixteenth century to the truculent conduct of European traders. This was certainly one cause, but his theory does not explain a rather sudden reversal in the Chinese attitude towards strangers without implying a timidity that does them scant justice. The true reason appears to rest in the fact that for the first time in their long history they found themselves confronted by a menace of intrusion from the sea; and that, being essentially an inland race without aptitude or taste for maritime adventure, they chose a natural, if futile, method of protection by closing all their ports but one to access by sea-faring aliens. Their intercourse with Russia shows a resolute policy in meeting and matching the attempts of foreigners approaching them along accustomed trade routes across the continent. To this fact in the national experience of China Dr. Koo gives no attention at all. His examination of the generally accepted notion that Caleb Cushing introduced the requirement of extraterritoriality into China demonstrates that this right was clearly implied in the British treaty of 1842. The fact remains, however, that it was Cushing, the ablest and best trained diplomatist ever sent to China before Lord Elgin's mission, who first enunciated the principle upon which the exercise of that right could be logically maintained. The tone and temper of Dr. Koo's concluding chapter, in which he discusses the reasonable hope of a better understanding between China and the great Powers, are admirable.

The career of the President of the Provisional Republic of China is picturesque enough to justify a biography, but some feeling of disappointment will attend the reading of "Sun Yat Sen and the Awakening of China" (Revell), by James Cantlie and C. Sheriden Jones. Dr. Cantlie is the British physician who taught Sun medicine in Hongkong, and who succeeded in 1896 in obtaining his release from durance in the Chinese Legation in London. One could wish that the author had allowed himself to repeat the full account of that adventure as related in a rare little pamphlet entitled, "Kidnapped in London," by Dr. Sun himself. The friendship between the two men is creditable in the extreme, and there can be no doubt about the goodness and personal charm of one of whom the Englishman can say:

> I have never known any one like Sun Yat Sen; if I were asked to name the most perfect character I ever knew, I would unhesitatingly say Sun Yat Sen. . . . His sweetness of disposition, his courtesy, his consideration for others, his interesting conversation and his gracious demeanor attract one toward him in an indescribable fashion, and have led me to think of him as a being apart, consecrated for the work he had in hand.

Beyond a few anecdotes and the honest panegyrics of a devoted admirer, the book adds little to knowledge of a character which, in spite of great personal magnetism, still strikes us as rather unreal. Nothing is said of the debated question of Sun's birthplace, or of his early life or rebellion in Canton. The reader will echo Dr. Cantlie's "chief regret—that I have been able to paint so meagre a picture of a truly noble character." Two-thirds of the volume is made up of an unprofitable *réchauffé* of the recent history and political prospects of China, by Mr. Jones.

Jane Marsh Parker, writer, and a founder of the Ignorance Club, of Rochester, N. Y., which was one of the earliest women's clubs organized in America, died a week ago in Los Angeles, aged seventy-six. Her best-known books are "Rochester—A Story Historical" and "The Midnight Cry."

William Hale White, better known by his pen name, "Mark Rutherford," died on Saturday at his country home out of London. He was eighty-four years old. Among the books of which he was the author are "Mark Rutherford's Deliverance," "The Revolution in Tanner's Lane," "Spinoza's Emendation of the Intellect," and "An Examination of the Charge of Apostasy Against Wordsworth."

Professor Count Angelo de Gubernatis died in Rome on February 27. He was born in Turin, April 7, 1840, of a family Provençal in origin. After graduating at the University of Turin, he studied at Berlin under Weber and Bopp. From 1863 to 1890 he was professor in the Istituto degli Studi Superiori, at Florence; for more than twenty years past he has been professor of Italian literature at the University of Rome, delivering his last lecture there only nine days before his death. He aptly defined himself "an Italian polygrapher," because during half a century he poured out books on many subjects, founded and edited many learned journals and two biographical dictionaries—"Ecrivains du Jour" and "Ecrivains du Monde Latin." He was one of the earliest Italian Sanskrit scholars, as well as a specialist in comparative literature, mythology, and customs. His volumes on funeral customs and nuptial rites, on "Zoölogical Mythology," and the "Mythologie des Plantes"; his translations of twenty Vedic hymns and his discussion of Vedic sources; his numerous biographical studies, including his autobiography, "Fibra"; his lectures on Dante; his patristic works, and his anthologies, bore witness to his many-sided interests and to his facile talent as a writer and popularizer. He read many languages and was a great traveller, having visited all parts of Europe, India, and South America. In 1904 he visited the United States and lectured at Harvard, Columbia, and other universities. He wrote dramas, some of which, at least, had a *succès d'estime* on the stage. His lectures on Manzoni, delivered forty years ago at Oxford, are still valuable. In recognition of his manifold service, King Humbert bestowed upon him the title of count, which had once belonged to two branches of his family. De Gubernatis chose for his motto *Patrum decus calamo resumpsi*. He was one of the first pacifists in Italy. He married Sophie de Besobrasow, a cousin of Bakounine; she translated into Italian Lermontoff's "Demon," Turgenieff's "Les Eaux printanières," and Krestowski's "La Dame Rydneff."

Thomas Peter Krag, the Norwegian novelist, died in Christiania on Friday, at the age of forty-four. He enjoyed a considerable reputation in his native land because of his descriptions of the wild scenery along the Norwegian coast. The works for which he is best known include: "Ada Wilde," "Ulf Ran," "Gunvor Kjeld," and the drama "Kong Aagon."

Science

ENGLAND'S WONDERFUL WINTER.

PARIS, February 22.

English people of every class have been impressed as never before by the workings of nature during the present year. After making due allowance for hearsay evidence, or the unsupported reports of every sort which have appeared in newspapers, the fact remains that, for once at least, nature's calendar has been completely upset upon Shakespeare's "swan's nest" of an island. It has been the year of all years for the weather observer and the naturalist. Whether such a singular panorama will be unfolded again to the eyes of the present

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generation, no one can say, but it is certainly true that living man has not seen the like before.

It seems highly appropriate that, during such a season of marvels in the living world, the natural history collections of Thomas Pennant should be given to the nation. Since the death of that indefatigable traveller, observer, and correspondent, in 1798, these collections have rested securely at Downing Hall, in Flintshire. Now, after this long interval of obscurity, they have been placed by Lord and Lady Denbigh where they rightfully belong, in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington. For more than a hundred years Pennant's name has been linked with that of Gilbert White, in the "Selborne," which is not only one of the most delightful books in the language, but the one also which has done most to foster an out-of-doors habit of observation among the entire English-speaking race. Had Pennant and White lived to record nature's calendar from 1912-1913, "The Natural History of Selborne" would certainly have needed revision in many important respects.

The account which follows is based on what I have seen in Hertfordshire and various other parts of England during a residence of above four months, including the summer, autumn, and a portion of February, supplemented by such reports of others, in districts which I have not visited, as seem worthy of credence. For December and January, I must rely upon other observers wholly, and here are some of the astonishing events which have been recorded for this period: battalions of snipe in the valley of the Wey, the occurrence of heron, teal, mallard, field and jack snipe in greater or lesser abundance in other parts, three of the latter birds having been shot on a golf links near London, and reported on January 8. On the same day was noticed the discovery of a nest of the song thrush with two eggs at New Lecke, in Lincolnshire. This, if true, is the most important biological fact which this extraordinary season has produced, for it would tend to show that weather conditions had affected these birds to such an extent as first to check their migratory instincts, then to start them singing, and finally to begin their serial round of reproductive activities months in advance of their usual period. With the probable exception of the English sparrow, the literature of birds, so far as I am aware, contains no case quite parallel to this.

Similar reports of winter nests of this thrush have come from other parts of England. Here are two which I gathered at Bushey, in Hertfordshire, from an intelligent man who keeps cage-birds and watches wild ones: a thrush's nest containing four eggs was found at King's Langley, the last week in December; another was discovered in Oxhey wood by a young man who works at the Bushey golf links, in early January, when it contained a single egg. At a later visit, towards the last of this month, there were two eggs, but the nest was deserted, probably in consequence of the storms which swept England for some days, beginning on January 11. I cannot vouch for any of these reports, though believing them to be true. Ornithologists will do well to sift the mass of extraordinary records of bird-life which will be piled up this year, with exceptional care, and to throw out every one which is not amply corroborated.

In a season of genuine marvels, imagination is apt to take a free rein, and every one seems imbued with the desire to outdo his neighbor with a still more wonderful tale. This is well illustrated by the controversy which has arisen over the alleged appearance of the cuckoo in England this winter. Few birds, certainly, follow the calendar more closely than this mysterious wanderer. Prompt to come in mid-April, and to depart in mid-July, for six hundred years the cuckoo has maintained its place in English literature as the embodied sign and emblem of summer days. A few records of March cuckoos are said to exist, and they are probably trustworthy, but a winter cuckoo is as much of an anomaly there as a winter organ-grinder would be in a New England village. Yet claimants are already in the field who aver that they have both heard and seen this cuckoo in different parts of England, not only in February, but in January, and in December as well. A cuckoo was also reported to have been shot in February at Saffron-Walden, in Essex; but in this case the cuckoo turned out to be a pigeon. It seems quite probable that a few cuckoos may have wintered in England this year, as hundreds of thrushes, blackbirds, and other migrants have obviously done, but knowing the literature of this interesting species, and the frequency with which it has been mistaken for a small hawk, or even for a goatsucker, we must count the evidence in favor of winter cuckoos as at present far from satisfactory.

To continue this general record: at Shipbourne, in Kent, a butterfly and a moth were seen fluttering round a Christmas tree; in early January a hawthorn showed both leaf and flower at Clifton; buttercups and celandine were blooming in Bedfordshire; house sparrows were hatched in Hertfordshire; a pear tree and climbing roses flowered in Surrey; from three different counties marsh marigolds were announced, while everywhere gorse was coming into bloom, and the growing chorus of birds was "a waking fact in every country place." On this very day and date (January 2) daisies were blooming everywhere, and primroses literally carpeted the woods in the most favored corners.

Here is a later picture drawn from Bushey, in Hertfordshire, sixteen miles northwest of London, whither I was called on the 13th of February. The country was everywhere in vivid green, and we missed only the summer foliage of such deciduous trees as elms, oaks, maples, and apple trees, on which the buds were still, for the most part, in the resting state. As in the live oaks and evergreen shrubs of our Southern States, fresh new foliage was lighting up the privet, the smilax, and the hollies, on which the berries were as bright as at Christmas-time. Many lawns had already been shorn, and grass in the fields was from six to eight inches tall. The hawthorn hedges looked bare at a distance, but on closer inspection you saw that buds were bursting, with here and there a few shoots in perfect leaf.

Bushey gardens were full of flowers of many kinds: snow drops and crocuses had been open on every mild day for weeks, and this was true also of the wall flowers, primroses, and gorse. The aconite had dropped its petals, and the daffodils were in perfection. Half-a-dozen shrubs were in bloom in this garden, and nearly all were in leaf. The flowering quince was a mass of scarlet; roses were opening their red-brown leaves, while more favored vines in other gardens showed flowers fully blown. The deep red shoots of peonies were pushing out of the ground or beginning to unfold. The buds of the lilac, though large and loose, seemed strangely conservative, when compared with the general progressiveness of their neighboring competitors. All over this village the purple plum trees were a mass of light pink flowers, which had evidently held in this state for a considerable time, and there were a number of blooming shrubs which I could not certainly name.

In more southerly parts of England strawberry plants have blossomed; pear trees are in complete flower, and the crimson stars and gray catkins have appeared on many of the nut trees. The sight is far from welcome to the Englishman, who knows the price which such enterprising fruits are almost certain to pay in the end. Fortunately, the apple trees, and in a less degree the cherries, have been more content to rest from their labors, at least in Hertfordshire, where I saw only swollen buds on February 15.

When I left Hertfordshire late in October, blackbirds, which are first cousins to the American robin, song thrushes, and robin redbreasts, were in

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plenty about the garden, but little singing was to be heard, and this only from the robins. Tick-tacking was indulged in at all hours, but only in the early morning, and at evening, on warm days, did the robin sing with his customary vim and zest. Rooks, which spent the day in a neighboring field, and starlings, which had a predilection for certain housetops on the village street, came to the garden in the early morning or on foggy days, which are always chosen by the latter bird for its raids upon the fruit trees. Those who have introduced the English starling into the American States have probably never watched its behavior in a fruit garden in England at seven o'clock in the morning. Certain it is that they will have to answer for the commission of a grave mistake, if this bird keeps to the habits which it here displays. These starlings are robust, vigilant, and extremely destructive, and in a few days' time a dozen of them will account for a large amount of fruit, their first choice being pears and apples. Too wary to go to the ground, where the English cat is always stalking about, or to stay long in one place if watched, they pounce quickly upon a tree, sound their "barbaric yawp," sidle up to the best fruit, and get to work. They will cling to a pear until it drops, and then attack another, and another. After several successive raids I have seen pears, picked clean to the core, still clinging to the trees, and the ground strewn with riddled fruit.

The causes which have produced England's wonderful winter are far-reaching enough to have affected the greater part of Europe, if not of America also. Paris has experienced one of the mildest winters it has known in years, and in the Trocadéro gardens to-day the grass and shrubbery are quite as green as in the suburbs of London; forsythias were showing their lemon-yellow "bells," and the Japanese quince was really in flower, though a trifle pinched, while ice covered every fountain pool. In England, however, the checks, which every one has expected for weeks and months, have been continually postponed.

The first serious fall in temperature came on January 11, when gales and snowstorms raged over Scotland and the north of England. Snow fell as far south as Northampton, sixty-six miles north of London, but little or no damage was done in the southern and middle districts, and the effect produced was but temporary. Then came the last and really serious cold wave. It began with a north wind, which froze the water of London's streets on the night of February 17, and then, swinging quickly to the northeast, flooded the whole of Europe with air right off the Russian steppes. Up to the present time (February 22) there have been frost conditions over a large part of Europe and the British Isles. In the south of England many pear and nut trees, as well as early strawberries, were quickly blighted, and Englishmen are now seriously asking whether they are going to have any fruit. This genuine check came none too soon; but if there are many more lapses to unseasonably mild weather, followed by severe frosts, England will have to pay dearly for her unique experience of nearly four months of continuous "spring."

FRANCIS H. HERRICK.

The Nantucket Maria Mitchell Astronomical Fellowship of $1,000 has been awarded a second time to Miss Margaret Harwood, A.B., Radcliffe College, 1907. Her residence at the Nantucket Observatory is for six months; the remainder of the year is spent in a larger observatory of her own choice. She has elected to continue her researches at the Harvard Observatory during this semester.

Dr. John Shaw Billings, director of the New York Public Library, ex-deputy surgeon-general in the United States army, and an author of international reputation, died last week at the New York Hospital. He was born in Switzerland County, Indiana, in 1838, graduated from Miami University in 1857, and three years later from the Medical College of Ohio, at Cincinnati. In later life he was honored with degrees from several universities. Edinburgh, Harvard, Yale, and Johns Hopkins gave him the LL.D. Oxford made him a doctor of civil law; he received from the University of Dublin an honorary M.D. As an army surgeon, he served brilliantly through the war, and was attached to the Surgeon-General's office in Washington until 1875, when he was made full surgeon with the rank of major and was placed in charge of the library of the Surgeon-General's office. In 1883 he became curator of the Army Medical Museum and Library, and retained this post until his retirement as lieutenant-colonel and deputy surgeon-general in 1895. During the years from 1891 to 1896, he was professor of hygiene at the University of Pennsylvania, and was a frequent lecturer at Yale, Harvard, Columbia, and Johns Hopkins. He had much to do with drawing the plans for the Johns Hopkins Hospital in his capacity as medical adviser to the trustees of the Hopkins Fund. It was in 1896 that Dr. Billings was asked to become director of the New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox, and Tilden Foundation. Among his published works are "Principles of Ventilation and Heating," "Index Catalogue of the Library of the Surgeon-General's Office, U. S. A." (16 vols), and "National Medical Dictionary," in two volumes.

Roland Gideon Curtin, physician, and writer on medical subjects, died in Philadelphia on Friday. He was born at Bellefonte, Pa., in 1839, and studied medicine at the University of Pennsylvania. In 1868 he was surgeon to the United States Geological Survey, and in 1905 he was elected president of the Philadelphia Medical Society. Besides scattered articles, he wrote, with Dr. E. W. Watson, "Influenza," and, with Dr. D. E. Hughes, Vol. IV of the "Philadelphia Hospital Reports."

Drama

"Tradition" furnishes the title to a second volume of one-act plays (Holt) by George Middleton. Of these, none, perhaps, is so good as "Embers," "The Gargoyle," or "Madonna" in the first series, but the best of them show freshness of invention, a considerable faculty of psychological analysis, and a sense of theatrical situation. As a rule they make decidedly interesting reading. But in such pieces as "Their Wife" and "The Cheat of Pity"—both cleverly written—human interest is defeated by the laborious artificiality of the theme. In the first a deserted husband sends for his wife's lover, a former friend, to tell him that he, too, has been deceived in his turn, and to gloat over his suffering and humiliation, in much adroit, sarcastic, but unnatural dialogue. In the second the elopement of a much-abused married woman is frustrated by the unexpected return of the husband and his sudden death, in a bedroom overhead, while the lover is pleading his cause. There is imagination in both pieces, but it is sacrificed to theatricalism. "Tradition," in which an affectionate but densely matter-of-fact father is induced to recognize the spiritual forces in his wife and daughter, which breed revolt against the life-long monotony of a dull home, is a clever sketch, with insight, humor, and mild pathos, but not much dramatic substance. There is truth, with a sound moral, in "On Bail," a domestic study of the demoralizing influences of a gambler's life, and there is a sound appreciation of feminine character in "Waiting," whose heroine, far from approving her lover's determination not to marry until he is able to give her comfortable support, is inclined to refuse him when he does propose, for keeping her waiting so long. In "Mothers," a good woman, cursed with a worthless son, earnestly warns a young girl against encouraging his advances, only to discover that she is already his wife. The situation is pathetic and dramatic. There is a very wide field for the one-act play, and it is encouraging to note that younger writers are beginning to take to this form of dramatic composition. The besetting danger of it consists in the temptation to sacrifice every artistic consideration for the sake of one great central thrill, as in the Grand Guignol inventions.

The plays of Bracco, according to Mr. Addison McLeod, "sit on the soul as some legendary maiden, deserted by her lover, sits on a rock, looking over the river towards the sunset, giving out continual cries." Those who like such stuff will find an abundant supply of it in "Plays and Players in Modern Italy" (Chicago: C. H. Sergel & Co.). Those who do not will find it worth their while to be patient, for the book furnishes much information that cannot be found elsewhere, and some very sensible criticism. The first of the two main chapters contains summaries, with a few well-translated scenes, of about thirty plays, mostly by living playwrights. The other contains characterizations of about thirty living actors and actresses.

Rehearsals are proceeding actively in His Majesty's Theatre, London, of "The White Man's Burden," due for production on

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Easter Monday. As previously reported, the three principal parts are to be played by Sir Herbert Tree, Norman McKinnel, and Phyllis Neilson Terry, who constitute the eternal triangle of wife, husband, and lover. Among others figuring more or less prominently in the cast are: Frederick Rosse, A. E. George, Nigel Playfair, and A. Scott Craven. Sir Herbert promises some striking spectacular effects, particularly in the South Pacific island scene, whither he, as the cynical man of the world, goes to oppress the native miners, only in the end to work out his own redemption and to become their protector.

Tuesday, March 25, has been chosen by Granville Barker and Lillah McCarthy for the first performance at the London Kingsway of Arnold Bennett's four-act comedy, "The Great Adventure." This was originally produced at the Glasgow Repertory Theatre nearly two years ago. At the Kingsway, Henry Ainley is to appear as the famous artist, Ilam Carve, who, supposed by a muddle-headed doctor to be his own valet, allows the servant to be buried in Westminster Abbey, with all necessary honors, while quietly taking upon himself the dead man's identity. The piece is satire upon all sorts of prominent persons and institutions: artists, authors, journalists, clergymen, and politicians.

Matheson Lang and his wife, Miss Hutin Britton, who recently returned to England from Australia, appear to have pleased their London public with their new romantic piece "Westward Ho!" All manner of liberties have been taken, evidently, with Kingsley's famous story. Francis Leigh and the Rose of Torridge, for instance, survive the terrors of the Inquisition and live to be happily married in England.

When Ellen Terry celebrated her sixty-fifth birthday in London the other day, her son, Gordon Craig, was able to announce that Lord Howard de Walden had provided him with the necessary funds to establish his proposed "School for the Art of the Theatre" upon a sound financial foundation. He declares that this institution will differ from existing dramatic academies in various respects. It is not his aim merely to train pupils as actors and actresses, but to acquaint them with the many aspects of theatrical art. The scheme really divides itself into two parts, the one to which its originator attaches the greater importance being the experimental school. To this, by the way, it is not intended to admit women. This school, according to Mr. Craig,

> will aim at infusing the life of imagination into every art and craft connected with the stage, so that fresh vigor will be given to the creative power of those actively connected with the drama. It will consist simply of a body of earnest and thorough workers, who will strive by means of experiment and research to rediscover and recreate some of those magic and elemental principles of beauty, simplicity, and grace in a department of the art world from which at present they are conspicuously absent.

Working under the guidance of Mr. Craig, the school will undertake theatrical productions in any part of the world. The preliminary work will be carried out at the theatre which is to be established in conjunction with the school, and subsequently the members of the experimental school will transfer their energies to London, New York, Paris, Moscow, or any other centre. In addition to the experimental school, there will be a secondary school for the study of the crafts of the stage. All pupils desiring to join will have to take up the study of speech and movement, and they may also select one other craft, such as the making of costumes, lighting, and the preparation of properties. The Hungarian system of a three years' course will be followed, and in each year there will be three terms of about twelve weeks. Examinations will be held at the end of the first year, and those who are found to be unfitted for the work will then discontinue their studies.

Music

Sixty Patriotic Songs of All Nations. Edited by Granville Bantock. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.50.

Lyric Diction. By Dora Duty Jones. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.25 net.

The Oliver Ditson Company could have found no one better qualified than Granville Bantock to edit the collection of patriotic songs just added to the Musicians' Library. Among the sixty-three volumes previously issued in this series, none is better than the "One Hundred Folksongs of All Nations" contributed by him—a volume which includes many gems. Equally satisfactory, in its way, is the group of patriotic songs just issued, although it cannot be denied that among them there are some which must have owed their official adoption as national hymns to their appealing words rather than to the merits of their music. There is little inspiration, for instance, in the patriotic airs of Brazil and Argentina, or in the "Know Ye that Race" which has served the Boers as a prayer and a battle-song. The Mexican "Canción Patriótica" is commonplace, the two Greek specimens included have little to recommend them, and the "Sons of Norway" and "Ay, this Land" make one wonder why they are so much less Norwegian and meritorious than Grieg's songs. Much cannot be said for the Canadian specimens included; and as for our own country, is it really necessary to insult us any longer by identifying us with the hideous vulgarity of Yankee Doodle, which is of European origin?

Far more musical and inspiring than any of these named—and the patriotic airs of the Balkan countries and of Egypt are not much better—are the Japanese Drill Song, "Shotai," and, particularly, the "May Our Lord Long Reign," of which Puccini made such clever use in his "Madama Butterfly." In the Drill Song the editor has skilfully emphasized the Japanese atmosphere by the slightly altered chords over an unchanging bass. The harmonizations of all the airs are his own, and they are always appropriate and interesting.

England is represented by "God Save the King," "Rule, Britannia," "The British Grenadiers," "Lilliburlero," and "Home, Sweet Home"; Scotland by "Scots, Wha Hae," "Auld Lang Syne"; Ireland by "Saint Patrick was a Gentleman," "Saint Patrick's Day," "The Wearing of the Green"; Wales by "Men of Harlech"; France by "Malbrouk to War is Going," "It was Dunois," the "Marseillaise," the "Carmagnole," "Ah, It Will Go"; Germany by the "Watch on the Rhine" (so odious to Wagner), the "Rhine Song," "I am a Prussian"; and so on. In the introduction a paragraph is devoted to each of the sixty songs in the collection, followed by references to books in which further information may be found. These notes, which are by the editor, are trustworthy and valuable. Mr. Bantock is not only one of the leading British composers of the day (with a special predilection for Oriental coloring), but he was for several years editor of the *New Quarterly Musical Review.* Under the circumstances, it is a little surprising that he did not also write the general introduction to this volume. This is by N. Desmond Anderton, who discusses the subject of folk music as related to national music in general at some length, noting the different opinions held by Ernest Newman, Dr. Parry, Cecil Sharp, Professor Bantock, and others.

While the music of national songs is often mediocre, it is nearly always well fitted to the words, and the words when sung are usually enunciated distinctly. At recitals of art songs, on the contrary, the words are seldom intelligible. Why this is so, and how the matter can be remedied, is explained in "Lyric Diction." The author's own elucidations are preceded by the text of a lecture on English diction delivered at the Guildhall School of Music by Mme. Melba, who refers to diction as the Cinderella of the family of arts, and bewails the scant attention given to it in England. Like many others, she used to think that English is not a musical language, but, she adds, "my maturer judgment and experience tell me that I was wrong; that, although the English language lends itself to expression in music less readily than the Italian, it is in that respect at least equal to the French, and certainly superior to the German."

On this point the author of "Lyric Diction" has much to say. In her opinion, "the intrinsic vowel music of English surpasses that of all other modern languages save only Spanish and Italian"; and "the vocal resources of our language, long obscured by the very richness and variety of the English vowel scheme, are only just beginning to be appreciated." The sibilants are a great stumbling-block, but even in that

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respect English is superior to the German (pp. 86-90), and "the exaggerated hissing of the sibilant sounds so characteristic of British speech is, happily, not one of our many American faults." The present volume was preceded by one entitled "The Technique of Speech," and we are not surprised to find the writer endorsing Dr. Aiken's statement that in the great majority of cases the difficulties with which singers have to contend are connected with the speech organs, and not with the vocal cords, as used by singers. Proper training of the speech organs at an early age would, no doubt, simplify the process of teaching singing. Emphasis is placed on Helmholtz's statement that correct singing by natural intervals is much easier than singing by tempered intonation; but inasmuch as there is little singing to-day except with instrumental accompaniment, which usually requires the tempered scale, this fact is of no great importance. Much space is given to showing how the integrity of the word can be maintained without sacrifice of tonal beauty, and to studies in vowel-placing and vowel harmonies nearly a hundred pages are devoted, with many illustrations in musical type. Advocates of the use of English at operatic performances and song recitals may find food for thought and argument in this volume. Special attention may be called to pages 120-121 and 306-307, in which the subtle beauties of Howells's "Is it the Shrewd October Wind?" with MacDowell's music, are pointed out.

"Isabeau," Mascagni's latest opera, which started its career on this side of the ocean, and which found none too favorable a reception in Italy, has had its first German representation at the Vienna Volksoper, where, notwithstanding careful preparation and adequate presentment, it failed to fulfil the hopes that had been set upon it. The libretto of Illica, with its crude emotionalism, was objected to, while the music, on the well-known neo-Italian lines, at no point succeeded in realizing the romantic character aimed at by the story.

Arnold Schönberg, whose compositions have tended more and more towards eccentricity, recently had the salutary experience in Vienna of seeing one of his earlier and saner pieces, an extremely difficult choral work, called "Gurre-Songs," received with an unusual amount of approval. As an example of the generally conceded gifts with which Schönberg started out, the performance served its purpose by disclosing a composer quite out of the common, but as a standard of measure between what he once was and what he has now developed into, the occasion generally called forth rather more regret than satisfaction.

Aristocratic artists in the tone world, at no time very numerous, have in our days become extremely rare. A few of the composers' names are to be found in the Gotha Calendar, but among the virtuosi titled performers can hardly be found at all. Considerable interest therefore attached recently to the professional début as a pianist of the young hereditary Prince Lobkowitz (a great-grandson of him to whom Beethoven dedicated some of his compositions). At a charity concert in Vienna he performed an oft-heard Hungarian Rhapsody by Liszt in a manner calculated to make his listeners forget not only his rank, but also the fact that he did not lay claim to other laurels than those of an amateur.

Francis Alexander Korbay, who died last week in London, was one of the best-informed men on the subject of music in Hungary, of which country he was a native, having been born at Budapest on May 8, 1846. He was a godson of Liszt, at whose advice he took up the piano when his voice suffered from continued exertion as an operatic tenor at the National Theatre, in his native city. Subsequently, he gave song recitals, playing his own accompaniments. For some years he resided in New York. In 1894 he went to London, where, for nine years, he was professor of singing at the Royal Academy of Music. His own compositions are of no importance, but his arrangements of Hungarian songs, with English words, have a lasting value.

Art

THE ALTAR AND THE TOMB.

The Sacred Shrine: A Study of the Poetry and Art of the Catholic Church. By Yrjö Hirn. New York: The Macmillan Co. $5 net.

Professor Hirn, of the University of Helsingfors, whose excellent monograph, "The Origins of Art," will be recalled by many readers, now presents a simple principle to account for the apparently miscellaneous and confusingly various products of Roman Catholic poetry and art. With characteristic scholarship he has supported his thesis by abundant citations and references. This necessary ballast is carried lightly, and the book is written in lucid and charming English. Professor Hirn's theory may be thus paraphrased: Christian art grows out of the twofold cult of the altar, which was actually and mystically a tomb and a shrine (*arca et ara*). Christian art develops to its height by cultivating the ideal of a shrine in the person of the Virgin Mary, whose body contained as a shrine Incarnate God. The wholly material notion of an altar tomb eventually gives way before the more spiritual conception of an altar shrine in which with orderly regularity is repeated the miracle of the Word made flesh and that flesh broken for our redemption.

Whatever the warrant of this interesting theory, there is no doubt as to its fundamental historical postulate. Gradually, the cult of the mass minimized or even expelled from Catholic altars all secondary and local cults based on relic-worship. The tomb and the altar part company, or, rather, the tomb detaches itself and the altar remains. And equally unquestionable is the fact that the cult of the Host thrives in like measure with that of the Virgin. She becomes the gracious and fitting archetype of all altar-shrines.

> Within the cloistre blisful of thy sydes
> Took mannes shap the Eternal Love and Pees,

writes Chaucer, boldly paraphrasing Dante. But Dante merely wrote *nel ventre tuo*, in thy womb. Chaucer's metaphor precisely illustrates how readily the mediæval heart converted the body of the Blessed Virgin into the shrine *par excellence*. This process of thought and feeling was of gradual growth. The earliest Mary was merely the Mother of the Man Jesus, the earliest altar neither a tomb nor a shrine, but a table at which the Last Supper was reënacted as a simple and non-miraculous feast of commemoration.

How early such table altars became tomb altars is not certain. The most primitive tables upon a single columnar support—Prof. Howard Crosby Butler has lately found a most interesting one *in situ* at Sardes—do not seem fitted for such a use. But as early as the fifth century the poet Prudentius sings of the Roman altar which at once guarded the bones of St. Hippolytus and served for "the spiritual food at the holy meals." Presumably, St. Hippolytus's bones lay in a cippus, or small sepulchral casket, between the legs of this altar table. Soon the altar itself was to assume the form of a sarcophagus in recognition of the relic that it invariably enclosed, and there was to ensue a long, protracted competition between the cult of the relic and the sacrifice of the mass. Indeed, there seems a kind of infelicity in the decree of the second council of Nicæa that every altar should contain a relic, just as to-day there is an evident tautology in building into a new altar, when a relic is not procurable, a consecrated Host. The danger, of course, was that the relic, being of strong local interest and a source of advantageous miracle, might actually overshadow the daily, indispensable mystery of the mass. This was no imaginary peril. We read that in a church near Cluny the relics of St. Walpurge, being for greater accessibility moved forward on the altar, suddenly ceased to work the customary miracles. At length a disappointed suppliant had a revelation of the saint, who said: "The reason you have not recovered your health is that my relics have been put on God's altar, which ought not to be used save for the divine mysteries." The miracles were resumed the moment the saint's relics ceased to encroach on the territory of the Host. The legend at least shows how conscious the Church itself was of the excesses of the cult of relics, which, the supply being limited, produced an extensive fraudulent traf-

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fic. Abbot Suger, haggling for his martyrs with a Roman Jew, and Chaucer's Pardoner, with his bag stocked with miraculous "pigges bones," are merely the more grotesque examples of the credulity and fraud that accompanied the worship of saints' relics.

Such abuses grew quite naturally out of the crassly material notion of the relic held by the believer. From the merest fragment of a saint, and *a fortiori* from the entire body, there was an actual physical effluence, as there is from a magnet. This effluence constituted the healing virtue of the relic, and communicated itself both to living and to inanimate objects. Thus the case in which the relic was enclosed became impregnated with the healing virtue, which persisted even after the relic itself had vanished. It sufficed the devotee merely to touch the reliquary, and to see the relic behind the protecting crystal. And the virtue of the relic might be communicated by contact to a copy. For example, there are said to be no less than thirty-six accredited holy nails, all of which are efficacious, being in most cases copies duly charged by contact with one of the three admitted originals. Such faith in physical emanations from sacred objects is, of course, ethnologically considered, magic. Thus the Loango sorcerers, for a fee, allow laymen to place objects of their own for long periods among the authorized collection of magical paraphernalia. We should hasten to add that this white magic has never been deliberately chosen by the Catholic Church, but rather forced upon it by the irrepressible instincts of simple believers. In fact, the pullulation of saints and relics has at all times been something of a scandal, an abuse tolerated for its presumed pragmatic value. And at times, as in the Reformation, the Church has paid dearly for tolerating a mass of rather crude folklore and magic, which, candidly, it has never been in a position to control. Even to-day the Church would hardly venture to move in a critical spirit against the stronger local saints, who canonically are neither real saints, nor ever likely to be.

It was with difficulty that the proper sacramental use of the altar vindicated itself. The institution of the feast of Corpus Christi, 1264, in honor of the bleeding host of Bolsena, marked only a beginning. In the fifteenth century the books of ritual forbade on the high altar of a church any picture or statue not representing the Passion of Christ. "We should always have the Passion before our spiritual eyes, and those of our body also; especially at the celebration of the mass, which is nought else than the memorial of the Passion of our Lord." But hundreds of noble altar-pieces of the Renaissance testify to the general disregard of this command, and, indeed, it was not until the end of the sixteenth century that the pyxis set amid gold rays made the Host unmistakably the central object of the believer's contemplation.

In short, during the best periods of Christian art, church decoration was a kind of compromise between the requirement of the relic and that of the mass. In analyzing the decoration of any church we should bear in mind that the altar-piece is usually a reliquary, being only an extended illustration and glorification of the particular relic in the altar tomb, while all pictorial decoration having to do with the life of Christ, the Apostles, and the Virgin concerns the altar shrine, and is of sacramental import. The crucifix and stations of the cross in a modern Catholic church represent the stereotyped minimum of such sacramental decoration. Why the cult of the Virgin is to be distinguished from that of the miracle-working saints is clearly shown by Professor Hirn in the most delightful fashion. The Elect Maiden of Nazareth is preëminently the most sacred of shrines, for in her body took place the miracle of the Incarnation. Under the general notion of the hallowing of the shrine itself by its contents, her body was absolutely pure. And, not content with this, the Christian imagination soon insisted that, like her Divine Son, she was conceived without sin. Thus for eight hundred years the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, though officially a doctrine of yesterday, has been generally believed throughout Roman Christendom. And we must insist that what to a rationalist or a Protestant can but seem an attenuation of the miracle of the Incarnation, and a kind of diminution both of the humanity and the divinity of Christ, bears no such aspect to a Catholic realist. To him it seems merely an extension of the sacredness of Christ's body. The image of the Virgin appropriately presides over the ever-renewed miracle of the making of Christ's body and blood in the mass, as her actual body conceived him at the word of the Lord and stood beside his cross. Mariolatry, in brief, is a perfectly natural inference from a realistic and non-mystical view of the Incarnation.

As a digression it is interesting to ask what is the logical and doctrinal status of the numerous miracle-working Madonnas? We have failed to find an answer in Professor Hirn's pages, but cannot doubt that he would regard these cults as a perversion of the idea of the Madonna as a shrine. At Montevergine and Lourdes the Mother of God sinks to the quality of a thaumaturge, becomes a local institution, is reduced to a necromantic function. As such she is merely the elder sister of the miracle-working saints. Such pilgrimage resorts do not deserve their usual name of shrines, but are essentially reliquaries, the apparition of the Virgin, or some especially venerated likeness, being the equivalent of a relic.

It would be most interesting to follow Professor Hirn in his brilliant and scholarly derivation of the exquisite ceremonial of the mass, itself a consummate work of art, from the notion of adorning a shrine, and to glance at the hymns and meditations that celebrate the gracious potency of Mary; but it will perhaps be more profitable to test in a concrete instance the general theory that "Catholic art as a whole, in all its manifestations, decorates a sacred shrine." Let us recall that here the word shrine includes also the altar tomb, and repeat that in the best periods of Christian art we find a sort of balance between the requirements of the altar shrine and those of the altar tomb. With these provisos in mind, let us examine the decoration of one of the loveliest churches of Christendom one built at the best moment of the Italian Middle Ages, the Patriarchal Basilica of St. Francis of Assisi.

The legend tells us that, as St. Francis was dying in 1226, at St. Mary of the Angels, he commanded that his body should be buried on the Hill of Hell, *Collis Inferni*, where criminals were executed. By the principle of effluence, with which the reader should now be thoroughly acquainted, the hill became a holy place, and ever since has been called the Hill of Paradise, *Collis Paradisi*. Saints are not made by the Church, but only certificated, and within three years Pope Gregory IX, by canonizing the *Poverello*, merely confirmed the will of all Christendom. The two-storied church which gradually rose on the Hill of Paradise was thus essentially a tomb containing a most notable relic. In this assurance pilgrim processions from all parts of Italy have ever since visited the Basilica. Naturally, much of the decoration of the church illustrates this idea of a tomb. The nave of the lower church, soon after 1250, displayed the chief miracles of the saint. Two generations later Giotto painted in the central vaults, directly above the high altar, which again is immediately above the actual tomb, his three lovely allegories of the Franciscan virtues of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience, and a Glory of St. Francis. Still later a chapel was adorned with the deeds of St. Martin of Tours, illustrating a secondary altar tomb. In the nave of the upper church Giotto and his aids depicted the main episodes of St. Bonaventura's official life of St. Francis, and room for four supplemental frescoes was found in the lower church. The earliest windows are devoted to St. Francis and his fellows. These are the main decorations

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that derive from the idea of a tomb. But the sepulchral decorations overlap significantly into those that are essentially sacramental. St. Francis kneels at the foot of Cimabue's sublime Crucifixion in the upper church, and the Giottesque Crucifixion, in the right transept of the lower church, depicts numerous Franciscans as attendants. In one of the Gothic vaults of the upper church the face of St. Francis in a medallion takes its place beside those of John the Baptist, the Virgin Mary, and Christ himself. Such, with negligible omissions, is the part of the decoration corresponding to the idea of the altar tomb of St. Francis.

It was wholly consonant with the evangelical temper of St. Francis himself that the decoration of his Basilica should be, after all, mainly sacramental, based on the idea of an altar shrine. The choir and transepts of the upper church are chiefly devoted to the Apocalypse, Christ's final act as Redeemer, and to the stories of St. Peter and St. Paul, the chief witnesses of the authority of the Church and of the divinity of the Man of Sorrows. Two great Calvaries were set, invisible to the faithful in the nave but present to the preacher and officiant of the mass. Above, in the vault Cimabue painted the Four Evangelists at their desks. In the two upper rows of the nave were arranged as type and anti-type the chief events of Christ's life, with the corresponding Old Testament events. One of the vaults contained, as we have seen, Christ with the Precursor and his Mother. Another depicted the four Latin Doctors, St. Augustine, St. Gregory, St. Ambrose, and St. Jerome, who gave to traditional Christianity its dogmatic formulation. On the front wall the infant Christ appears in his mother's arms. All these frescoes are the preparation for, or explanation of, the miracle of transubstantiation which daily recurs at the modest altar—all are appropriate extensions and natural reinforcements of the idea of an altar shrine. And such is obviously the case with the stories of Christ's early life and Passion in the transepts of the lower church.

We have tried only to bring out clearly the brilliant and suggestive generalization which Professor Hirn develops with copious erudition and reverent sympathy. That his book is of a rare sort we need not insist. As a contribution to the psychology of religion it is of permanent value. The specialist will wish at times that the chronological stages of the process had been more definitely established, and occasionally will long for concrete applications of the more paradoxical ideas. Yet it is easy to see that such solace to the specialist might have been prejudicial to the form of a book that is delightful as literature. In fact, much of the charm of this learned and generous work precisely lies in its stimulus. Supported by the main hypothesis, which seems, to us, essentially sound, the student of mediæval history and art may readily set out upon alluring adventures of his own, making his own applications. This, in a small way, your reviewer has endeavored to do as a mark of gratitude. We have rarely happened upon a modern historical work that combines in so high a degree with ripe scholarship and systematic structure, insight, eloquence, and real passion of the intellect.

The newest special number of the *International Studio* ("Modern Etchings, Mezzotints, and Dry-Points," edited by Charles Holme; John Lane) is essentially a review of the ten years which have elapsed since the same periodical issued a similar volume in 1902. That such a summary, with 196 reproductions, could be made by including only the most important artists is the best proof of the "extraordinary efflorescence in recent years" of the etcher's art. For that reason the volume is welcome, indeed, and valuable and useful. The number of illustrations allotted to the various countries is not without significance: Great Britain has 75, America 37, France 25, Holland 17, Austria 18, Germany 11, Sweden 13. These proportions may seem strange, and one wonders why Aid, Mielatz, Quinlan, Roth, Senseney, and Washburn were not mentioned in the American section. Similar omissions may be found elsewhere—for example, Reifferscheid, Olbricht, or Pietschmann in Germany. Yet it is true that not every one could be included. A noteworthy feature is the variety of treatment illustrated, which in the case of Frank Short, for example, shows "recognition of the appropriate methods—etching, dry-point, aquatint, mezzotint—for each subject" (mention of soft-ground etching being noticeably absent). The writer of the chapter on America notes that an "increasing number . . . seem content to reproduce a mournful reiteration of nature, valuable only as documental facts, and a one-sided manifestation of technical ability, . . . expressing nothing beyond craftsmanship and the exaltation of the superficial." Such technical effort, without strong personal reaction, is noticeable elsewhere also, nor is it limited, of course, to etching.

An international exhibition will be held under the auspices of the Deutscher Buchgewerbeverein, at Leipzig, from May to October, 1914. The purpose of the exhibition is to celebrate the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Royal Academy for the Graphic Arts and the Book Industry at Leipzig. Notification of the intention to exhibit must be given on forms provided by the management not later than June 30, 1913.

The Egypt Exploration Fund is proceeding in its fifth campaign at Abydos, and a report announces some important discoveries. On a small rise in the desert near the Coptic convent work was carried on in the ancient cemetery. The tombs there had to a large extent escaped the complete plundering which befell the greater part of the Abydos necropolis, owing to the fact that in Ptolemaic times a small village was built over them. The great interest of this part of the site proved to be that it contained what had hitherto been sought in vain in Abydos—namely, the cemetery of the Third to Fifth Dynasties. The tombs of this period consisted of small square or circular pits, at the bottom of which lay the body in a huddled-up position, covered with a huge inverted jar. Over each pit was a small *mastaba*, or shrine, about two feet high, with two niches in its east wall where the offerings of food and drink were made to the deceased. In the centre of the hill are several very imposing *mastabas* of this period, which it is hoped will prove to contain the burials of the more important members of the community. There were also found tombs of a later age on the same hill. The finest of these date from the Twelfth Dynasty (about 2000 B. C.). Each consisted of a rectangular pit, with two or more chambers opening off its ends at different levels. In the chamber lay the body stretched out on its wooden coffin, head to the north, while beside it were some of the favorite possessions of the dead. One of the finest of these tombs contained the bodies of a chancellor named Inher-sa, and of a woman, probably his wife or daughter. Both bodies had been plundered of the gold which once adorned them, and of which a few scraps still remained. But the majority of the objects were untouched. Among these were a fine steatite scarab of the chancellor himself, vases of alabaster and stone, bronze mirrors, small amulets of carnelian, blue glaze, and silver, and a wonderful necklace of amethyst, carnelian, and green felspar beads.

In another part of the site was found a cemetery of Ibises, where thousands of these sacred animals were buried in the Roman period in large jars, just below the surface of the desert sand. Many of the birds had been mummified with extraordinary care, the outer wrappings consisting of narrow strips of linen in two colors, white and black, accurately arranged in exquisite geometric patterns. Some of the mummies proved, when unwrapped, to contain only feathers of the ibis, which were evidently collected with great care as belonging to the sacred bird. Even the eggs were regarded as sacred, and several of the jars contained specimens of them, some of which were still intact. Other birds, such as hawks, were found in the cemetery, together with rare examples of oxen, sheep, dogs, shrews, and snakes. This cemetery, taken in conjunction with the dogs' catacombs found in 1910, shows that in the Roman period Abydos had assumed a great importance as a burying ground for sacred animals.

Louis-Maurice Boutet De Monvel, painter and illustrator, famous because of his portraits of children, died Sunday in Paris in the sixty-third year of his age. He was born at Nemours, and received his early education at the Lycée Charlemagne. He received a gold medal at the Universal Exposition in 1900, and was a Knight of the Legion of Honor. De Monvel turned to art early in life. He studied with Rudder, Cabanel, Jules LeFebvre, Gustav Boulanger, and Carolus Duran. He served as a soldier in the Franco-Prussian War, and exhibited for the first time in the Salon of 1873. For a while he devoted himself chiefly to draw-

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ing for illustrated publications, but continued to paint and exhibit pictures in the various salons, for which he received numerous awards. Among his principal paintings may be mentioned The Temptation of Saint Anthony, the Portrait of Mounet-Sully, the actor, The Good Samaritan—which received a medal at the Salon of 1878, and is now in the Museum of Orleans; Arabs Returning from Market—shown at the Salon of 1879 and now in the Museum of Amiens. He has illustrated "Old Songs for Little Children," "Songs of France," "La Fontaine," "Nos Enfants," "Xavière," "The Life of Jeanne d'Arc," etc. In November, 1899, Boutet De Monvel visited New York, to make a study of American children, and painted several portraits.

Finance

DOMINANT INFLUENCES.

The events of each successive week bring into strong relief the three influences which at present dominate the course of our financial affairs. They are the fundamentally sound and strong condition of American industry, resulting from three years of after-panic retrenchment and from last year's great harvests; the danger of an unsound position in European finance and industry, following prolonged expansion and the shock of the Balkan War, and (in the mind of Wall Street equally important) our home political unsettelment and the fear of radical proceedings in Congress.

The condition of things in our own industrial affairs has been proved by the large railway earnings, the record-breaking foreign trade, and the continued activity in general business, despite the impending tariff revision. Leading steel companies, according to the *Iron Age's* advices from Pittsburgh, "report more new inquiry for delivery in the last half of the year than at any time for several months." Of the Government's estimate of last week, regarding grain and crops of 1912 still held on the farms, the Chicago market expresses the opinion that, with these surplus holdings "at the unusually high total of 2,111,000,000 bushels—an increase of 891,000,000 bushels, or 42.7 per cent. over the reserves of a year ago—the business and manufacturing interests of the country have something definite to reckon on, and so, in an even larger degree, have the railroads."

The principal and immediate cause for the weakness in our markets has unquestionably been the financial disturbance in Europe. Conditions such as exist to-day on the great European money markets would at least restrict the good effects of a promising situation in our own finance, without any other influences. We saw in our markets, in the sequel to Europe's Boer War panic, how such a strain on foreign financial resources must affect American affairs, even with American business conditions at the best. On that occasion, a strain in the European money market for which no other solution was in sight—with bank reserves at low ebb and bank rates at top notch in England and on the Continent, and with every foreign money centre defending itself against the other—had to end in a backward movement of European trade activity. It is difficult to see how it can have any other end on this occasion, or how the strain which it has indirectly caused on our own money markets can definitely end until the hour of such foreign trade reaction.

To what extent the hesitation of investment capital, on account of dislike of our own political situation, has really been a factor in the markets, it is difficult to say. Some influence must be exerted by impressions of the sort, even when it is as hard to discern their exact scope of influence as it was in 1900—a year in which a good many people withdrew their capital because they thought the market was depressed by the chance of Bryan's election to the Presidency—whereas the undoubtedly dominant influence was the reaction of Europe's financial collapse upon America. This much it is safe enough to assert—that if a sufficient number of investors believe the financial as well as the political fortunes of this country to be at stake at Washington, then we have at least a psychological influence in the field which must be reckoned with.

People who take that view of the outlook, however, and who exclude all others, must at least be regarded as unfortunate; for it does not look as if we shall very soon get rid of political irritations. With the community at large in so peculiar a mood towards ordinary questions of the day, it would not be reasonable to expect old-fashioned statesmanship in the legislative debates. When it excites no great popular surprise for an army of women to march up Pennsylvania Avenue a day ahead of the inauguration parade, the observant financial world may look for novelties of performance in the public men installed after the second of those functions.

Nor, as a matter of fact, ought selection of the requisite novelty by the Congressional orator to be difficult, at an hour when the trend of discussion, argument, and taste in the non-legislative community is based so frequently on the turning upside down of old and familiar truths. A legislator who has observed the extent of vogue which falls to art exhibits reproducing the paint-box exploits of defective children, to composers who found new schools by requiring from their orchestras the euphonies of election night on Herald Square, to sociologists who would have partners for the marriage relation selected or vetoed by the state, and to humanitarians who teach that virtue in women and honesty in men depend wholly on the amount of their salaries, must pitch his voice rather high to be heard outside the Capitol, but at least he has a hint how to do it. Such statesmen as the member from Oregon, who, on the 4th of March (while the inaugural programme was waiting for Congress to adjourn), set forth in great detail to the House of Representatives that "91,800,000 of our people" have become "the industrial slaves" of "the remaining 200,000," are fairly in line for much of what the public at large, and Wall Street along with it, may presently expect to hear.

It is natural that the financial community should not look forward cheerfully to a programme of this nature. Yet perhaps even sensitive Wall Street is beginning to get seasoned to it. Furthermore, a fairly long political tradition has taught how much easier it is to rouse the echoes of the Senate Chamber with an attack on the Rule of Three and the Law of Gravitation, than to place a repeal of either on the statute books. There is unquestionably much to be done in the way of rational, progressive legislation, as there always has been; there is much of older and retrogressive legislation to be undone, and between the two movements it would be strange if some crude absurdities did not obtain a hearing. But Congressional majorities, even in these stirring days, are apt to be made up of public men who are not only aware that the bulk of their constituency can distinguish sense from nonsense, but that they themselves will be judged far more severely for what they do than for what they say.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, F. N. S. The Invaders. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.30 net.
Ashmead-Bartlett, Ellis. With the Turks in Thrace. Doran. $3 net.
Baillie-Reynolds, Mrs. A Makeshift Marriage. Doran. $1.20 net.
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Bowen, R. A. Uncharted Seas. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.35 net.
Brown, L. F. Baptists and Fifth Monarchy Men. (Prize Essay in European History.) Washington: American Historical Ass'n.
Campbell, Cyril. The Balkan War Drama. McBride, Nast. $1.40 net.
Canton, William. A Child's Book of Warriors. Dutton. $2 net.
Chancellor, W. E. A Life of Silas Wright, 1795-1847. William C. O'Donnell, jr. 50 cents
Charles R. H. Eschatology, Hebrew, Jewish, and Christian (Jowett Lectures, delivered 1898-99). Second edition, revised. Macmillan. $3.50 net.
Collett, Anthony. Country Rambles Round London. McBride, Nast. $1 net.
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Cyclopedia of Education. Edited by Paul Monroe. Vol. IV. Lib-Pol. Macmillan.
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Debussy, Claude. Twelve Songs, for High Voice. Ditson. $1.25.
Dwight, H. B. Transmission Line Formulas for Electrical Engineers. Van Nostrand. $2 net.
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Farnol, Jeffery. The Amateur Gentleman. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.40 net.
Ferris, E. E. Pete Crowther: Salesman. Doubleday, Page. $1.10 net.
Finegan, T. E. Development of the New York School System. Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Bardeen.
Fox, Frank. Problems of the Pacific. Boston: Small, Maynard. $2 net.
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Ginzberg, Louis. The Legends of the Jews. Vol. IV, Bible Times and Characters from Joshua to Esther. Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society of America.
Gissing, George. The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft. Second edition. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Gooch, G. P. History and Historians in the Nineteenth Century. Longmans. $3.50 net.
Gulick, L. H., and Ayres, L. P. Medical Inspection of Schools. Revised edition. Survey Associates. $1.50.
Harré, T. E. The Eternal Maiden: A Novel. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.20 net.
Hughes, Henry. Golf. McBride, Nast. 60 cents net.
Hutchinson, E. S. A Pair of Little Patent-Leather Boots. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
James, Lionel. With the Conquered Turk. Small, Maynard. $2 net.
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Soane, E. B. To Mesopotamia and Kurdistan in Disguise. Boston: Small, Maynard. $4 net.
Spargo, John. Syndicalism, Industrial Unionism, and Socialism. Huebsch. $1.25 net.
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Stevens, E. Y. Guide to the Montessori Method. Stokes. $1 net.
Stevenson, B. E. The Gloved Hand. Dodd, Mead. $1.30 net.
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